

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

It's a rainy afternoon and a black car is cruising down a highway in the middle of absolutely nowhere.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS - MOVING

The driver is THOMAS ADAMS, a mess of a man in his late twenties/early thirties, black hair, slim, bloodshot eyes. He drinks from a can of beer while he drives.

Slowly, his eyes start to close. His head falls down. Still driving fast, he falls asleep and the car loses direction, crashing violently against a tree.

OPENING TITLES

INT. HEAVEN'S HOUSING SOLUTIONS - MORNING

The sign on the wall reads HEAVEN'S HOUSING SOLUTIONS. It's a big, crowded place. Full of chairs, lines and counters, it looks like a crowded DMV office. Thomas is sitting on a chair, surrounded by people of all sorts.

He's messing around with his smartphone, distracted, when a female voice fills the place, coming from the speakers.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Thomas Adams. Mister Thomas Adams
on counter seventeen.

Thomas gets up, puts his smartphone in his pocket and walks to the counter. A YOUNG WOMAN in her early thirties is on the other side of the window. She sounds professional and helpful.

YOUNG WOMAN

Hello sir, how may I help you?

THOMAS

Hi. I... Hello. I came here... A few days ago, most recently, to talk about a place to rent.

YOUNG WOMAN

Yes, sir. Go on.

THOMAS

Yes. I need a place to stay. I've been here for almost five weeks now, and I'm still living in the... the temporary housing.

YOUNG WOMAN

The shelter, sir?

THOMAS

Well... Yes, the Shelters.

YOUNG WOMAN

I see.

THOMAS

And, you know, I've been here four times already, trying to sort this out. When I first came you told me waiting time was one week tops.

YOUNG WOMAN

I see. And what were you looking to rent, sir? A house? Apartment?

THOMAS

House, apartment, studio, I don't care. I just don't wanna stay in the housing anymore.

YOUNG WOMAN

I understand sir. I can show you the listings we have at the moment. What is your price range?

THOMAS

No, you see, I told you people this the last time already. I don't have a price range. I don't have a job. No one will hire me because of my address. Well, my lack of address.

YOUNG WOMAN

(Biting her lips)

Hm... No job... Ok. Let's see what we can do.

She types a few words into the computer, looking focused.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

Well, if you don't have a steady income, sir, we are looking into a loan.

THOMAS

A loan?

YOUNG WOMAN

Yes. Several banks can provide you with a line of credit, which you will use for the first few months of the rent, until you can find a proper job.

THOMAS

Yeah, ok, I can do that.

YOUNG WOMAN

Great! Let me just upload your profile so we can submit the request. Name; Thomas Phillips Adams.

THOMAS

Yeah, that's it.

YOUNG WOMAN

Good. Age; thirty one. Gender; male. Job while living; copywriter. Family living; none. Religion at time of death; none. City of birth; Los Angeles, United States. City of death; Santos, Brazil. Cause of death...

(beat)

Hm...

The young lady looks worried. She looks up at Thomas.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

Just a second, please.

She walks back and calls an older woman, sitting behind her in a desk. They talk in whispers, looking and pointing at Thomas. The young lady comes back.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

Sir, unfortunately, we we'll not be able to put you up for a line of credit.

Thomas looks at her, confused.

THOMAS

What? Why not?

YOUNG WOMAN

(looking embarrassed)

Sir, the thing is... It's a standard policy for banks to... Well, they don't offer credit for people who died... while driving under the influence.

THOMAS

What? What do you mean?

YOUNG WOMAN

Well... It's the standard procedure, sir. To associated with the kind of people who... You know...

THOMAS

I don't believe this! What is the problem? What, they're afraid I'm gonna die again and not pay them?

YOUNG WOMAN

No sir, it's just that they --

THOMAS

This is ridiculous! How am I supposed to make a living like this?

YOUNG WOMAN

Sir, we don't use the expression "make a living" in heaven, you see, it's not really...

THOMAS

I don't give a damn! What the hell am I supposed to do?

YOUNG WOMAN

Sir, please, we don't allow the use of the word hell here too, it's --

THOMAS

Oh, go fuck yourself.

The woman takes a deep breath, calming herself down.

YOUNG WOMAN

Sir, I need you to calm down, ok?

Thomas closes his eyes and sighs heavily, trying to control himself.

THOMAS

Yeah, ok. But what do I do now?

YOUNG WOMAN

You can apply for a number of assistance programs we offer. Heaven offers it's own line of credit for people in need, with no association with the private banks. You could apply for one of those.

THOMAS

Yeah, ok, how do I do that?

YOUNG WOMAN

I will give you some brochures about the programs you can apply, ok, sir?

THOMAS

Yeah, ok.

YOUNG WOMAN

But you should know, there's a big waiting list for this programs. Average waiting time for most of them is over a year. And that's for priority death people.

THOMAS
Priority death?

YOUNG WOMAN
Yes, cancer, fires. You know, the tragic stuff.

THOMAS
Oh. I see. Where would I fit in this?

YOUNG WOMAN
(Awkwardly)
Well... Let's put it like this, sir... There are people who died from drunk driving while Clinton was still in office who are just now getting called up.

She says that while handing Thomas the brochures. He looks at her with a blank expression for several seconds before putting the brochures aside without a second look.

THOMAS
What else do you got?

YOUNG WOMAN
Hm... There's always day labor.

THOMAS
Day labor?

YOUNG WOMAN
Yes. Here, let me give you this.

She hands him another piece of paper.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
This is a list of places you can go where they hire people on a day to day basis. You don't need a permanent address for this. Just show up. Most days, they'll find something for you.

Thomas looks at the papers.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
If you're willing to commit and work hard, you can make... quite a few bucks working like this. Then you can get the ball rolling, you know? Save some money for a few months rent, and then look for a real job.

Thomas looks from her to the papers.

THOMAS
This is shit, right?

The woman hesitates, biting her lips.

YOUNG WOMAN
Yes, it is.

THOMAS
That's the best deal I'm gonna get,
though, right?

YOUNG WOMAN
Yes, it is.

Thomas looks at the papers again.

THOMAS
I'll take it.

YOUNG WOMAN
Good, thank you, sir.

Thomas walks away from the counter, just as the female
voice fills the room again.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Denis McElroy, Mr. Denis McElroy on
counter seventeen.

EXT. STREETS OF HEAVEN - NIGHT

Thomas walks alone. This part of Heaven looks like it
was pulled straight out of a noir movie from the forties.
Dark smokey alleys, neon lights, sleazy looking bars.

As he's walking, he passes by a sign on the other side
of the street: "Reincarnation is not the answer. If you
need help, please call the depression hotline - 0800 -
dontdoit".

He takes his phone out. Several messages from a girl
named Chelsea. He reads some of them: "Stop calling me.
please. It's over Tom." "I really think it's for the
best. Please stop calling." He starts scrolling back,
looking for older ones. Finally, he reaches a happy one:
"I love you more than pineapple =p".

He smiles as he reads the text. As he's walking past
people, we can hear bits of their conversation. Two
women talking:

WOMAN
You need to come to Hell with me
sometime, they have the best SPAs.

Two young guys walking side by side:

YOUNG GUY
Did you hear? Matt got a job in
God's office.

Thomas ignores this people and keeps walking. He passes by a store with a sign on top: "Funeral Videotapes. Find out who REALLY loved you".

Finally, he stops in front of a bar. A neon sign reads "Eden's Beer And Snacks". He walks in.

INT. EDEN'S BEER AND SNACKS - CONTINUOUS

Eden's Beer and Snacks is a poorly lit bar. Here and there we see a couple of people on tables, looking gloomy, pouring down drinks and talking in whispers. A sad looking old woman is dancing slowly next to a jukebox.

Thomas takes a place at the bar. The BARMAN shows up.

THOMAS
Can I get a beer?

The barman serves him a beer in a thick glass cup.

BARMAN
Here you go.

Thomas takes a sip and looks around. He looks sad, defeated. An older man sits on a stool next to him. He's in his late forties, kind of fat, wears a red curly hair and beard, his name is ARTHUR.

ARTHUR
(to the barman)
Hey, Travis. I'll have what he's
having.

BARMAN
He's having a beer.

ARTHUR
Then I'll have a beer.

The barman pours him a beer. Arthur looks at Thomas.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Hey.

THOMAS
Hey.

ARTHUR
New here?

Thomas looks at him briefly.

THOMAS
Yeah. Couple of weeks.

ARTHUR

Hah. That's cool. You'll get used to it. Eventually.

Thomas nods, but doesn't say anything. They drink in silence for a while.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I came here a loooong time ago. Different place back then. Now everything is boring.

THOMAS

Yeah?

ARTHUR

Yeah, same old, same old. Or maybe I'm older, who knows? Arthur, nice to meet you.

He offers his hand. Thomas shakes it.

THOMAS

Hey. Thomas.

ARTHUR

Thomas. So, what do you do, Thomas?

THOMAS

Nothing, really.

ARTHUR

Nothing? What do you mean, nothing?

Thomas looks at the day labor papers.

THOMAS

Well, I --

An ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN passes by them.

ARTHUR

Wow, check out that ass.

Thomas looks at the girl, indifferently.

THOMAS

Yeah...

ARTHUR

Man, I miss having sex alive. There's something about it, you know? It's not the same when your dead.

THOMAS

How so?

ARTHUR

I don't know. The little things.
Nobody says "oh my God" in heaven.
I miss hearing a good "oh my God"
when I'm fucking a girl.

THOMAS

Nobody says "oh my God"?

ARTHUR

Yeah... I mean, it's not forbidden,
it's just frowned upon. So nobody
says it.

Thomas nods. He looks at his paper again.

THOMAS

Hey... Do you know anything about
this day labor things?

He shows Arthur the paper. Arthur looks at it.

ARTHUR

Oh yeah. Good stuff. You wake up at
five in the morning, stand in line
for three hours and, if your lucky,
they'll have you cleaning vomit in
the suicide zone bars for five
bucks an hour. Good stuff, good
stuff.

THOMAS

That bad?

ARTHUR

Yeah. Not always, though. I work
for the government, so I know some
people there. Sometimes they'll
have you working with the
newcomers, showing them around. Or
in the kitchen, that's nice too.
Depends on the day.

THOMAS

You work for the government? Like,
the Heaven government?

ARTHUR

Yeah... It's not as cool as it
sounds. Mainly just paperwork, and,
you know, taking care of business.
Boring stuff.

(beat)

Well... It was, actually. Things
are a little crazy lately.

THOMAS

How so?

Arthur hesitates for a second.

ARTHUR
Nevermind, just work stuff. So,
what are you in for?

THOMAS
What do you mean?

ARTHUR
How did you die?

Thomas looks at the day labor papers, suddenly embarrassed to say what killed him. Arthur looks at the papers too, and puts two and two together.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Day labor... Drunk driving, huh?

THOMAS
Yeah...

ARTHUR
I see...They give you people a hard time here, it's rough. But it's nothing to be ashamed about, you know? It happens, man.

THOMAS
Yeah, thanks.

ARTHUR
Hey, cheer up! Let's have another beer. I think that girl just met with a friend down at the other side of a bar. Wanna go talk to them?

THOMAS
Nah, thanks, I'm good.

ARTHUR
Are you sure? There's a fifty fifty chance they're hookers.

THOMAS
Yeah, thanks, I'm ok. Gotta get up early tomorrow.

ARTHUR
Well, suit yourself.

Arthur takes his beer and walks towards the two girls. Thomas puts a few bucks on the bar and leaves.

INT. SHELTER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Thomas walks in. The bedroom is filthy, filled with bunker beds from floor to ceiling. People snore loudly. He passes by a man with a full beard, sitting on his bed, teary eyes.

THOMAS

Hey, Jeff.

JEFF

They were beautiful. They were so beautiful.

Jeff mumbles in pain.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Such a beautiful family.

THOMAS

Let it go Jeff, it happens.

JEFF

I didn't mean to do it. The road was so dark...You think I'll ever see them in here? I'm so scared I'll run into them.

Thomas climbs onto a bed.

THOMAS

Relax, Jeff. Heaven's a pretty big place.

Thomas takes his cell phone out and starts typing something to Chelsea. "I'm so sorry. I love you.". SEND The screen displays "sending" for a while, then: "Message not delivered. Outside coverage area".

He puts his cell phone away, turns to his side and closes his eyes.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE DAY LABOR CENTER - MORNING

A huge line in front of a door with a sign on top of it: DAY LABOR CENTER. At the very end of the line, Thomas is standing behind an OLD WOMAN.

OLD WOMAN

Pigs, am I right?

THOMAS

What?

OLD WOMAN

They make us wait all day in the sun, no consideration for our health. I have back problems, you know? I can't stand here all day.

THOMAS

Yeah...

OLD WOMAN

Is this your first time?

THOMAS

What? Yeah, my first time.

OLD WOMAN

Oh, you're gonna love this. They treat you like shit for twelve hours then give you a five. It's a damn joke!

She screams the last sentence for everyone to hear. Right after this, the door opens and two men step outside, one of them is holding a clipboard. It's Arthur.

ARTHUR

Ok, people, here we go! We need five people for the bathrooms, three strong man to carry some heavy stuff, you know, some people feel like they need to bring everything with them when they die. We're also gonna need someone for the British weather committee, and, despite what you may have been told, it is not just making it rain all over London, it's a lot of work. So, if everyone --

He looks at Thomas and let's out a big smile.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Hey, Thomas, right?

THOMAS

Hey. Yeah.

ARTHUR

I remember you. Should have stayed last night. Crazy girls. Crazy, crazy, crazy. Man, I love goth chicks.

He approaches Thomas.

THOMAS

I didn't know you worked here.

ARTHUR

Oh yeah, yeah. I don't, not usually. But there's some stuff going on, and they asked me to help them out here, today.

THOMAS

I see. That's nice.

ARTHUR

Yeah. So, the goth chicks --

THOMAS

Listen... Could you... Put me into something... Not that disgusting, today? I'm really not in the mood to clean vomit on the first day.

ARTHUR

Oh... Yeah, sure, I'll...

He looks around, trying to figure out what to do with Thomas, then stops, like he's had an epiphany. He smiles.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I know what you can do. Come with me.

He gives the clipboard to the other man that came out of the door with him.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Here, Matt, could you take care of this lot for me? Come on, Thomas, I've got something really cool for you. Come with me.

Thomas gets out of the line and follows Arthur. They get into a car parked nearby.

INT. ARTHUR'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Arthur starts the car and they take off.

THOMAS

Where are we going?

ARTHUR

You'll see, you'll see. I got something really cool for you.

Thomas looks at Arthur, then pulls his smartphone and starts reading old Chelsea text messages.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

What you got there?

THOMAS

This? It's a Motorola --

ARTHUR

No, I mean the texts.

Arthur peeks over and looks at the cell phone. Thomas pulls it away.

THOMAS

Hey, that's private!

ARTHUR

A girl, huh? Someone from here?

THOMAS
No... She's alive.

ARTHUR
Oh... I see. What was she? Wife?
Girlfriend?

THOMAS
Fiancée. We were supposed to get
married in the fall.

ARTHUR
Oh, shit, it's a good thing you
died, then.

THOMAS
What?

ARTHUR
I'm sorry. Too soon. What happened?

THOMAS
I walked in on her getting fucked
in the ass by a guy named Chad in
our bed.

ARTHUR
Oh man, I hate it when that happens.

THOMAS
Yeah, well...

ARTHUR
Ok, we're here.

They park outside a very large, white house, with a very
large garden in front of it.

THOMAS
What is this place?

ARTHUR
This is the House of God.

THOMAS
What do you mean?

ARTHUR
Well... You know how we have the
White House in America?

THOMAS
Yeah...

ARTHUR
Well, it's the same, except for
God, not presidents.

THOMAS
Oh.

ARTHUR

And no one ever got a blowjob here.

THOMAS

Ok...

ARTHUR

All right, I did once, but shhh.
Come on, let's go.

Arthur opens the door and steps out of the car.

INT. HOUSE OF GOD - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur and Thomas walk down a very large hall. Expensive looking chandeliers and statues decorate the place. Here and there, an open door reveals a room filled with people wearing professional outfits, typing on computers, walking from one place to another carrying papers.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

This is the master hall. It's where most of the important stuff happens. The black plague? The meeting that finally ended it happened in that room.

Arthur points at one of the rooms.

THOMAS

Why would you need a meeting to decide to end the Black Plague?

ARTHUR

Well, it's complicated. Despite what people think, we're not that almighty. A lot of shit that goes on on Earth is hard to solve.

They start climbing some large stairs at the end of the Hall. Arthur stops a TALL MAN in the middle of the stairs.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Hey, Jeremy, don't forget the reports on last week's earthquakes. They were due today.

TALL MAN

Yeah, I'm filing it right now.

ARTHUR

Good.
(to Thomas)
C'mon.

They resume their walk, reaching the top of the stairs. In front of them, a sign on a large white door reads:
"GOD. CEO."

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

This is where God works. Are you ready to go inside?

THOMAS

Yeah. Let's do this.

Arthur turns the knob and pushes the door. Little by little, the small crack widens, revealing a large room with a big, wooden desk in the middle.

Sitting on top of the wooden desk is a German shepherd.

Thomas and Arthur stare in silence at the room. The dog stares back at them.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Is this God?

ARTHUR

What? No, this is God's dog, Tom Cruise.

Thomas looks at Arthur for a while.

THOMAS

God has a dog named Tom Cruise?

ARTHUR

Yes. He thinks he looks like Tom Cruise. Is that going to be a problem?

THOMAS

No. No problem at all.

ARTHUR

Good. C'mon, let's step inside.

They walk inside.

INT. GOD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Thomas looks at everything with curiosity, walking slowly. Arthur goes around the desk and sits in God's chair. He puts his feet in the desk and starts petting the dog in the head.

ARTHUR

So this is the deal: God is missing.

THOMAS

What?

ARTHUR

God. God is missing. This is the deal.

THOMAS

What? What do you mean God is missing?

ARTHUR

He's gone. We don't know where he is.

THOMAS

What? How? How did --

ARTHUR

A few days ago, he told me he was going back to Earth to sort things out. Now, this, in itself, is not so weird. God goes to Earth now and then to watch the occasional Laker's game, or to catch a Bon Jovi concert. But he's never gone for more than a couple of hours.

THOMAS

How long's he gone now?

ARTHUR

A week.

THOMAS

Holy shit.

ARTHUR

Hey man, you're in God's room. Have a little class.

THOMAS

Oh... I'm sorry.

ARTHUR

Anyway, we've been trying to get in touch with him, but so far, we got nothing. Last we heard of the man was an e-mail, in which he says he needed to "think things over". That was five days ago.

THOMAS

Damn... I mean... Sorry.

ARTHUR

He's only been gone for a week, so for now, it's not such a big deal. Still, if he doesn't show up real soon we're gonna have problems.

THOMAS

Why?

Arthur looks very intensely at Thomas, like he's choosing his words carefully.

ARTHUR

It's God. If we can't find him...
Things are gonna get weird.

There's obviously more to this than Arthur is letting Thomas in, but Thomas decides not to push it.

THOMAS

I see... And why am I here?

ARTHUR

Oh, that's the good stuff. You see, an official committee decided that we need to go down to Earth and look for him. I was chosen to do this, but they don't want me to go alone because "blah blah blah, you are unpredictable", "blah blah blah, you don't take anything seriously", "blah blah blah, you're doing too much cocaine"... Anyway, so they made me pick a guy from the Labor Day Center to go with me.

He smiles as he finishes talking, looking straight at Thomas.

THOMAS

What? Me?

ARTHUR

Yeah, you, you silly moose. Let's go down to Earth and have some fun!

THOMAS

What? No, I... I don't know. I barely just arrived, shouldn't I...

ARTHUR

Come on, man, it's gonna be fun!

THOMAS

I need to find a job, a house, I --

ARTHUR

You'll make a shit ton of money. Enough to get your own place once we're back.

THOMAS

How long would we be gone?

ARTHUR

I don't know. Until we find the man. Could be a while.

THOMAS

Oh... I-I really don't know. It's all...

Arthur takes a piece of paper from the desk and starts writing something.

ARTHUR

Here, let me give you my phone number. You sleep on it, call me in the morning, ok?

He offers Thomas the piece of paper. Thomas takes it.

THOMAS

Yeah... I suppose. Ok.

ARTHUR

It's gonna be great man, I'm telling you. Now off you go, I got work to do.

Arthur waves his hand, dismissing Thomas, who, still holding on to the piece of paper, turns and walks away, closing the door behind him. Arthur is left alone with the dog. He pulls up a bag of cocaine from his pocket.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Hey, Tom Cruise.... Wanna get weird?

INT. SHELTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Thomas is lying in his bed, looking at the ceiling. The room is full, and most people are still awake. They talk, mumble, scream.

Thomas takes out his cell phone and clicks on a photo. It's him and Chelsea on a beach somewhere. She is hugging him from behind. They are both laughing. Somewhere in the room, someone farts.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Holy shit I think I shit myself.

Thomas looks at the room, then back at the cell phone. He dials a number. Arthur answers it.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Yeah?

THOMAS

Arthur? Hi, it's Thomas. Listen, I'll do it.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

You'll come?

THOMAS

Yeah, I'm in.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Good. Pack up your crap and be ready by tomorrow morning. I'll pick you up at eight.

THOMAS

Great.

Thomas hangs up and let's out a deep breath, still looking at the cell phone screen. His picture with Chelsea stares back at him.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SHELTER - MORNING

It's a sunny morning. Thomas is waiting just outside a big, grey, ugly building with a couple of bags by his side. People pass by, talking, walking their dogs, going on about their lives. He looks at his phone, checking the time.

Finally, Arthur's car stops in front of him. Arthur walks out of the car, carrying a baseball bat.

ARTHUR

Hey.

THOMAS

Hey.

ARTHUR

Sure you wanna do this?

THOMAS

Yeap. Let's do it.

ARTHUR

All right then. Ready to have some fun?

THOMAS

Yeah.

ARTHUR

Good!

Arthur swings the bat hard against Thomas' head, knocking him out.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHUR'S CAR - MORNING - MOVING

Thomas wakes up in the passenger seat, startled. He looks around, confused. Arthur is driving the car down an old highway. They're entering a small town. Gas stations, diners, little houses and bars all give the place a midwest small town feel.

THOMAS

What the fuck?

ARTHUR

Hey! We're here already!

THOMAS

What? What do you mean here?
Wha-What is this?

ARTHUR

We're on Earth already!

THOMAS

(Looking around)
On Earth? How did we --

ARTHUR

I knocked you out for the trip.
Sorry about that.

THOMAS

What? Why?

ARTHUR

Traveling back to Earth is a rough
ride. A lot of people get sick,
it's too... Intense. I thought
you'd be better off sleeping
through it.

THOMAS

You couldn't just give me a pill?

ARTHUR

Yeah, sorry 'bout that. So, listen,
there's a couple things I need to
run by you, ok?

Thomas still looks kind of annoyed by the baseball bat
incident, and rubs his head as he answers.

THOMAS

What?

ARTHUR

No biggie, just some standard rules
for Earth traveling. Ready? Here it
goes, number one: you can't tell
anybody you're dead.

THOMAS

Yeah, ok... I guess.

ARTHUR

Not that anyone would believe you,
but still. Number two: stay close
to me at all times. Last thing we
need is somebody else lost on Earth.

THOMAS

Got it.

ARTHUR

And number three, and listen up, cause this one is important: You cannot, under any circumstances, get in touch with anyone you knew when you were alive. Got it?

THOMAS

Yeah... Ok.

ARTHUR

That includes that little fiancée of yours, understood?

THOMAS

Yeah, I... She doesn't know I'm dead, though.

ARTHUR

I don't... What do you mean she doesn't know you're dead?

THOMAS

I was out of the country when it happened. Didn't have any ID or anything with me. Anyone I knew just thinks I'm backpacking in Brazil.

ARTHUR

I... Wouldn't they realize you're not back by now?

THOMAS

I don't think so, I was planning on staying on the road for a couple of months. Chelsea cut all contact with me and... She kept most of our friends, anyway. I didn't really know a lot of people.

Arthur drives in silence for a while, taken aback by this new piece of information.

ARTHUR

Huh... That's really... Well, anyway, even so, no contact whatsoever. No one that you knew can see you here.

THOMAS

Yeah. Ok. Got it.

ARTHUR

Are you sure? Cause if you mess this up, I'm gonna get so fucking fired.

THOMAS

I got it. No one I knew can see me.

ARTHUR

I don't wanna have to clean toilets
in hell because of you, do you hear
me?

THOMAS

Yes. Relax, man.

ARTHUR

Good. Now come on, we're here.

He stops the car in front of a small house.

THOMAS

What? Where are we? What are we
doing here?

ARTHUR

This.

Arthur hands Thomas a FLYER and gets out of the car.
It's a poorly designed flyer, showing an image of a
toast, burned in a way that resembles the face of an old
man with a big white beard. Under the image, the
sentence "COME SEE THE LORD IN THE TOAST", and an
address. Thomas gets out of the car.

INT. LITTLE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Arthur is already ringing the doorbell.

THOMAS

You're kidding, right?

ARTHUR

About what?

THOMAS

About this. God in a toast? You
don't honestly think that this is
actually God, right?

ARTHUR

We'll see. It's the kind of stuff
he likes to do.

THOMAS

What? Show up in toasts?

ARTHUR

Nah, mess a little with people's
heads. He gets bored easily, God.

THOMAS

What? I --

An old woman answers the door. She looks very kind, with
short white hair and thick glasses. Her name is MRS.
POTTER.

MRS. POTTER

Hello.

ARTHUR

Hello, Mrs. Potter. We saw you're flyer. We're here to see God.

MRS POTTER

You're here to... Oh, the toast!
Sure, sure, come on in, boys.

She opens the door and walks in. Arthur flashes Thomas a smile before following.

INT. MRS. POTTER'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Potter kitchen is a small room filled with old house utensils. Arthur and Thomas are both sitting side by side in front of a round table. Mrs Potter serves coffee then sits across the table from them.

MRS POTTER

Here you go.

ARTHUR

Thanks. Now, tell us all about it.

MRS POTTER

Well, it all started about a week ago. I was making breakfast for my son, Phil, he lives in New York, comes here once, maybe twice a year. Works in a big law firm, I can't seem to remember then name. Well, it's that one in Manhattan. Anyway, so I'm making him toast and scrambled eggs, his favorite. I put the bread i the toaster and I leave the room to call him, cause he's still asleep. They work the poor boy so much in New York I figure this is the only time of year he can stay up late. Anyways, so I tell him breakfast will be ready soon and I go back to the kitchen, and that's when I see it. The lord, in the toast! Right there, looking at me. As you can imagine, I was really surprised! So I run to the bedroom again, screaming "Phil, Phil, come see this, son!" and he get's up, stumbling through the corridor, asking me what is wrong. I show him the toast, and he says I needed to show the world this. So he called a couple of friends he had to make the flyers right away, and we bought some space in the papers, ya know?

(MORE)

MRS POTTER (CONT'D)
So people could come see the toast!
You're actually the first ones to
show up.

As she is talking, Arthur takes a sip of the coffee and immediately makes a face like he just tasted the worst thing in the world. A couple of seconds later Thomas does the same thing.

ARTHUR
Right... Can we see the toast?

MRS POTTER
Oh, yes, yes, I have it right here.

She gets up, picks up a tupperware from the fridge, sits back at the table and smiles, looking at them in silence.

THOMAS
Is it there?

MRS POTTER
Yes. That will be ten dollars each.

THOMAS
You're charging people to see God?

ARTHUR
I got this, Thomas. Here you go.

Arthur puts two ten dollar bills on the table. Mrs. Potter smiles.

MRS POTTER
Thank you very much. Here it is.

Slowly, she starts opening the tuppeware. Both Arthur and Thomas lean over to see it. Inside, a very old toast reveals a blurry image that, indeed, resembles an old man with a white beard, just like in the flyer.

ARTHUR
Yeap. That's the Lord, all right.

Mrs. Potter smiles.

THOMAS
It is?

ARTHUR
Yes. Let me just...

Arthur takes out his phone and takes a picture of the toast.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
You know, just in case. Mrs.
Potter, let me ask you something.
(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Did you happen to see this man
around the house anytime during the
past week?

MRS POTTER

Who? God? Oh, no, no, my dear, I
never saw him. You know, in person.

Arthur sighs.

MRS POTTER (CONT'D)

He just talks to me.

Thomas and Arthur exchange looks.

ARTHUR

Talks to you?

MRS POTTER

Oh yes, yes. Well, used to, anyway.
He stopped since I started taking
those pills.

THOMAS

What pills?

ARTHUR

Nevermind what pills. Tell me, Mrs.
Potter, what did he say?

MRS POTTER

Oh, he said many things. Quite the
chatter. He used to tell me things
about heaven, and my husband. He
talked an awful lot about the
Lakers too. Sometimes he sang.

ARTHUR

Did he say anything about where he
was going?

MRS POTTER

Hm... Let me see. I remember he
told me he was sad. Yes, very sad.

THOMAS

Sad? What would God be sad about?

MRS POTTER

I don't know. He never told me. All
I remember is him saying something
about how the universe made sense,
but he didn't.

ARTHUR

Oh shit, this again?

THOMAS

What do you mean, this again?

ARTHUR

Did he say anything else, Mrs. Potter? Try to remember.

MRS POTTER

No, I don't think so.

ARTHUR

Anything about where he could be right now? Where he was going to?

MRS POTTER

No, nothing like that. Why are you asking this? Is this important? Are you guys from the church?

Arthur sighs again.

ARTHUR

No, Mrs. Potter. We're not from the church.

Nobody talks for a little while.

MRS POTTER

Would you like another cup of coffee?

ARTHUR

Dear God, no. But thanks, ma'am. I think we will be going now. Listen, if you happen to see him again, in a toast, on your balcony, whatever, give us a call, ok?

He gets up and gives her a card. She takes it, smiling.

MRS POTTER

I'll be sure too. Thank you. Do you kids want to see the stars?

ARTHUR

I'm... What?

MRS POTTER

The stars! There's an observatory nearby, I used to go there when I was younger. You can see so many stars... It's beautiful... I can take you there, you know... For another ten bucks.

ARTHUR

Nah, thanks, we're good.

MRS POTTER

Are you sure? It's really beautiful and it's very close, just down the street from Ricky's Burgers.

(MORE)

MRS POTTER (CONT'D)

And it's open 24 hours too, you can see the sun rise from there, if you want. Come on, it will be fun.

She gets up and takes Thomas' arm, in an effort to try and walk him to the door.

THOMAS

No, really, we're ok. It's fine.

MRS POTTER

Oh, don't be a bunch of downers, let me --

ARTHUR

Wait, what Ricky's Burgers?

MRS POTTER

What? Oh, it's just this place, this diner kind of place. They have a very good burger. Best in town.

THOMAS

Probably the only one, too.

ARTHUR

Wait, where is it?

THOMAS

(to Arthur)

Are you hungry?

MRS POTTER

It's just down the street, I'll take you there, for ten bucks.

She takes Arthur's arm now.

ARTHUR

No, it's ok, we'll find it. C'mon Thomas. Really, it's fine. Thank you, lady!

Arthur struggles to free himself from the lady, turns around and quickly leaves, leaving Thomas behind with her. They stare at each other.

THOMAS

Great coffee.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICKY'S BURGER - DAY

Thomas and Arthur are sitting across from each other in a booth. This is your classic everyday American diner, the kind you've seen described in at least five other screenplays today, so I won't bother. Thomas is eating a normal sized burger, Arthur is eating a monster.

ARTHUR

Damn, this is a good burger. Bacon and beef. Pigs and cows in the same sandwich, that's what being alive is all about. They don't make them like that in heaven, I'll tell you that. All those fucking vegetarian restaurants, it makes me want to die. Well, not really but you know...

THOMAS

Yeah... What are we doing here again?

ARTHUR

We're looking for God, remember?

THOMAS

I know that. What are we doing in this diner?

ARTHUR

Oh, this? God loves this place.

THOMAS

What? I... What?

ARTHUR

He loves it here. Remember how I told you that God comes to Earth, every once in a while?

THOMAS

Yeah.

ARTHUR

Well, he always talks about this place, this Ricky's Burger place. I think that's why he came to this town. Why he showed up in Mrs. Potter's toast.

THOMAS

To eat a burger?

ARTHUR

Yeah. Well, not just that, but, you know.

THOMAS

Ok, so what do we do now?

ARTHUR

Now we ask around for him.

Arthur is eating and speaking like he doesn't really care. Thomas is looking a little annoyed by that, and it starts to show in his tone of voice, too.

THOMAS

Ok, so we just walk around and ask people if they've seen God swing by here in the last few days?

ARTHUR

Yeah. Exactly.

Thomas just looks at him for a while.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Why don't you get started on that while I finish my burger?

Thomas sighs heavily.

THOMAS

Ok.

The WAITRESS comes to their booth.

WAITRESS

Would you like anything else?

THOMAS

No, thanks, we're good.

(beat)

Hey...

WAITRESS

Yes?

Thomas smiles now. He's about to try to prove a point to Arthur, and it feels good.

THOMAS

Have you seen God?

She smiles, confused.

WAITRESS

What?

THOMAS

God. Have you seen him anywhere?
Did he show up here to have a
burger anytime in the last few days?

She's still smiling and still looking confused.

WAITRESS

Are you hitting on me?

THOMAS

No, I'm being very serious. Was God here?

WAITRESS

No.

(MORE)

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

But there's a church on the other side of town, maybe you'll have more luck there.

THOMAS

Thank you.

She shakes her head, still smiling, and leaves.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

All right, that worked out just fine.

Arthur, still eating the burger, points to the window with his head.

ARTHUR

Why don't you try that couple in the parking lot?

Thomas looks. A hippie couple, in their late twenties, is sitting in the parking lot, selling handmade jewelry.

THOMAS

You're kidding, right?

ARTHUR

Nope. Trust me. Go ask them if they've seen a big white bearded man.

THOMAS

He's wearing a Grateful Dead shirt. Everyone he knows is a big white bearded men.

Arthur finishes his burger, drinks the last of his soda and leaves a couple of bills on the table.

ARTHUR

And that's just the kind of people God hangs around with when he comes to Earth. C'mon.

Arthur gets up, and Thomas follows him.

THOMAS

What? Really? We're doing this?

They walk out into the parking lot.

EXT. RICKY'S BURGER'S PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Arthur and Thomas approach the hippie couple. They are JENNY and ERIC. Jenny is a pretty girl, pointy ears sticking out of a dark blond hair. She looks mildly stoned. Eric, on the other hand, is a tall, skinny dude with long, straight hair, and he looks dangerously high.

ARTHUR
Hey, what's up?

ERIC
Hey bro.

JENNY
Hi! You guys wanna buy something?

ARTHUR
Nah, thanks. Listen, you know where
we can score?

THOMAS
(to Arthur)
What?

ERIC
Hey man, are you a cop?

ARTHUR
No, I'm not.

ERIC
Good. That's good, man.

ARTHUR
So?

ERIC
What?

JENNY
He asked us where we can score,
honey. Nevermind him, he's been
high for... Well, as long as I know
him. Hi! I'm Jenny, this is Eric.

ARTHUR
Hi, Jenny. I'm Arthur, this is
Thomas. Do you guys sell?

JENNY
No, we don't. We used to, but now
we sell this!

She shows them the jewelry, smiling.

ARTHUR
That's nice. Listen, do you know
anyone who is selling?

THOMAS
Excuse me, just a second. Arthur,
why are we looking for weed?

ARTHUR
(ignoring Thomas)
Nevermind him.
(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

We are looking for a friend, he got lost. He was here in town a few days ago, we were wondering if you guys have seen him. Big guy, white hair, big beard, blue eyes.

Jenny makes a face like she's thinking about the question. Thomas looks from Arthur to Jenny, confused.

JENNY

Yeah, no, I haven't seen him.

THOMAS

Wait, is God a pothead?

ERIC

Hey man, that's an offensive term.

ARTHUR

God is not a pothead. He's just... Known to smoke a little here and there, when he's sad or... You know.

JENNY

Your friend's name is God?

ARTHUR

Yeah, well... That's what people call him.

ERIC

Hey man, I'm Eric, nice to meet you two.

Eric offers his hand. Thomas shakes it, confused. Arthur takes his phone from his pocket and show them the picture of the toast.

ARTHUR

Here, take a look.

Jenny and Eric look at it.

JENNY

Is that him?

ARTHUR

Yes.

JENNY

Why is he in a toast?

ARTHUR

He's... Yeah. He's in a toast.

JENNY

Yes, I know, but why?

ARTHUR

I don't know. He's silly like that.
Likes to print himself in toasts.

ERIC

Heeey, I know this man.

JENNY

You do?

ERIC

Yeah, he was here last night, when
I came to get some burgers for the
party.

JENNY

Are you sure honey?

ERIC

Yeah. He wasn't in a toast, but it
was him.

ARTHUR

That's great! Did you talk to him?
Do you know where he was going?

ERIC

Nah... Didn't talk to him.

ARTHUR

Are you sure?

ERIC

Yeah. Just saw him eating.

Arthur sighs.

THOMAS

(to Arthur)

Great. What now? We talk to every
pothead in the city looking for him?

ARTHUR

I don't know.

(to Jenny and Eric)

Well... Thank you for your time.

He turns and starts walking away.

ERIC

Wait... I did talk to him.

Arthur stops and turns around.

ARTHUR

Really?

ERIC

Yeaah... I invited him to the
party.

(beat)
No, wait... No, that was a
different guy.
(beat)
No. Yeah, I didn't talk to him.
(beat)
Wait. Yes, I did. I took him to the
party with me, we played Gameboy in
the car.
(beat)
No. I think that was a different
day. Wait.

Jenny puts her hand on his shoulders, gently.

JENNY
It's ok, honey. Stop.

Thomas is still standing right where he was the entire
time, looking from the couple to Arthur.

Arthur steps back closer to them.

ARTHUR
What party is he talking about?

JENNY
We're having a party, back at our
place.

ARTHUR
Yeah?

ERIC
You know what? I think I did take
him there, but we didn't play
Gameboy.

ARTHUR
You think there's any chance we can
swing by the party? Look for our
friend?

JENNY
Yeah, sure! I mean, we're not there
right now, but you guys can come by
in a couple of hours.

ERIC
I wish I could find my Gameboy.

JENNY
(to Thomas)
Here, give me your phone.

Thomas takes his phone from his pocket and offers it to
Jenny. She types something then gives it back to him.

JENNY (CONT'D)

This is the address. Come by after seven, we should be back by then. We can have a couple of beers and look for your guy.

THOMAS

That's great, thanks!

JENNY

Ok then! See you there.

Jenny smiles. She and Eric walk away.

ERIC

(in the distance,
to Jenny)

Hey, you should invite them to the party.

Thomas looks at the couple, then looks down. He's still holding his phone. Looking at the screen, he reads a new message: "Hey Tom, are you in town?" from Chelsea.

ARTHUR

Hey man! C'mon!

Arthur is already by the car. Thomas puts the phone back in his pocket and walks towards him.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ERIC'S HOUSE - EVENING

Thomas and Arthur are walking down a quiet street. There's almost no one around, few cars parked nearby.

ARTHUR

So I was about to bang the three girls, right? They are lying there, naked in my bed, and just as I step out of the bathroom... Freud comes in! And I'm like "Get the hell out of here man", and he's out of his mind on coke, screaming "motherfucker, motherfucker", and I was like "What the fuck?". So they had him arrested.

THOMAS

Woah.

ARTHUR

And that's why we don't hang out anymore. Still a great guy, though. Just has some issues.

They walk in silence for a while.

THOMAS

Hey, listen, what was that about God being sad?

ARTHUR

What?

THOMAS

You mentioned, in the old lady's house. You said that God's depressed.

ARTHUR

Oh, that... Yeah, he has this... Mood swings...

THOMAS

How so?

ARTHUR

It's like...

(beat)

God is a little... He thinks too much, you know? And he gets depressed and philosophical.

THOMAS

What do you mean?

ARTHUR

All in all he's a great guy. Always up for a party or a poker night. But every once in a while... He'll call me at three AM wanting to talk, or he'll stay in his office for days, not talking to anyone. It's not the first time he travels to Earth to "think things through".

THOMAS

But why? What's the matter with him?

ARTHUR

You know how, sometimes, late at night, you just stare at the ceiling, and you can't sleep? And you start questioning your life, like "why do I exist?". And then you go on to question the universe, like "why is there something instead of nothing?".

THOMAS

Yeah... I guess.

ARTHUR

Well, God is like that, except he knows why there is a universe instead of nothing. He made it. So he wonders about himself. He just can't get his head around the fact that he exists.

THOMAS

Huh...

ARTHUR

It gets really bad sometimes. Once, after he read Being and Nothingness, he acted weird for days. He would stop people on the streets, asking "why are we here?" "what is conscience made of?" or "what is nothing?", and then he would get angry when people wouldn't answer.

THOMAS

But how come he doesn't know? Didn't he, like, make everything?

ARTHUR

He made everything, except himself. You can't be your own cause. It doesn't make sense. Or, at the very least, it's not very classy.

THOMAS

So he's depressed because he doesn't know where he came from?

ARTHUR

Yeah. It makes sense, though, when you think about it. We all spend our lives wondering what are we doing here, how come a bunch of atoms just got together to make us who we are. You can even go deeper: What the hell are atoms? Why do they even exist? And we are all really scared of dying. But then we die, and it's not all bad. You finally get your answer, there's a God, and that's that. No one has an existential crisis in heaven. No one except God.

THOMAS

God is having an existential crisis?

ARTHUR

Can you blame him? We get to know everything about ourselves, how and why we were made. But that's not true for him. He will never die, and he will never know his purpose, his *raison d'être*. That fucks him up.

They reach an old, big house. On the second floor, some people are drinking on a balcony, smoking, talking.

Thomas looks at the address in his phone.

THOMAS

This is it.

They walk to the front door. Loud music is coming from inside the house. The moment Arthur takes his hand out of his pocket to knock on the door, a small object falls from it, dropping to the floor. It's a LOCKET.

Before Arthur can react, Thomas bends down and takes it.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Hey, what's this?

Thomas looks at the locket. It's heart-shaped, and there's a picture of a young girl framed in it. She can't be more than four or five.

ARTHUR

Give me that.

THOMAS

Who is she?

ARTHUR

(angry)

Give me that!

Arthur takes the locket from Thomas' hands and puts it back in his front pocket.

THOMAS

I'm sorry, I was just...curious,
that's all.

Arthur throws a weird look at Thomas, but says nothing. He knocks on the door. Nothing. He knocks again. And again. And again,

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Do you think there's nobody ho --

Finally, Eric opens the door. He looks ridiculously stoned. The room behind him is an absolute mess of smoke, beer bottles and people stumbling on each other.

ERIC

Heeeeeeeey! I'm Eric, you guys,
come on in.

THOMAS

Hey. We actually met a couple of
hours ago, back in the parking lot.

Eric thinks about this for a while.

ERIC

Yeaaaaah, that's right. The gay
dudes! Come on in!

THOMAS

What? No, we're not --

ARTHUR

Just go with it man.

Arthur walks inside. Thomas follows him.

<|||||>

INT. ERIC'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Couples kissing against the wall, music, an old TV on playing some sort of documentary about bugs. Carpet floor filled with cigarettes and joints, at least four people passed out on the couch, pizza boxes and people wearing a lot less clothes than anyone should: this is Eric's living room.

The three of them walk in, trying to avoid stepping on anyone.

THOMAS

Holy shit. How long has this party been going on?

ERIC

What? Oh... Since two thousand and seven, I think.

THOMAS

What?

ERIC

Yeeaaaah, I called a couple of guys to have some pizza and watch a movie or something, and they knew a couple of people who knew a couple of people... And, you know, it's been going on.

Arthur takes a joint from the mouth of a passed out guy and takes a drag.

ARTHUR

Now this is a party.

ERIC

Yeaah, man. Hey, there's beer and pizza... On the floor. Help yourselves.

THOMAS

Thanks.

ERIC

C'mon, let's go find Jenny. Have you guys met Jenny?

He walks away. Thomas and Arthur look at each other. Arthur smiles, shrugging. They follow Eric.

EXT. POOL BEHIND THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Eric, Thomas and Arthur step outside. Patio furniture, stoners and a pool. A bunch of people are standing by a grill, eating sausages and talking. There's passed out people here, too.

Eric spots Jenny sitting on the floor, her back against the external wall of the house, smoking and watching people, alone. She looks peaceful.

ERIC

Hey babe! I want you to meet this couple. This is...

Jenny gets up.

JENNY

Hey honey! Hi Arthur, hi Thomas! You guys made it!

ERIC

Oh, you know them already! Great!

THOMAS

Hey Jenny, how's it going?

JENNY

Great! Did you guys just got here, or...?

THOMAS

Yeah, we just got here. Nice party.

JENNY

Thanks! You should have seen it in two thousand and nine, though, that was the best year.

ERIC

Hey guys, I'm gonna go up to the bedrooms, there's some wild shit going on there. I think someone brought a sex swing. Anyone wanna come?

THOMAS

I'm cool.

ARTHUR

Yeah, I'm game. Hey, Thomas, see if you can find anyone in here who's seen God, I'll be right back.

Arthur and Eric walk inside the house, leaving Jenny and Thomas alone. Jenny sits back on the floor, and Thomas joins her, taking his cell phone and playing with it.

JENNY

So, no luck with your friend yet?

THOMAS

What? No, nothing yet. But we just got here, so here's hoping...

JENNY

Yeah man. A lot of people here like weed, or sell weed. Or make weed. Anyway, if your friend was in town and he's into it, I'm sure someone here knows him.

THOMAS

(distracted)

Yeah, I suppose.

Jenny looks at Thomas' phone.

JENNY

Who's the girl?

THOMAS

What? I... How did you know it was a girl?

She smiles.

JENNY

Just... You got that look.

THOMAS

That look?

JENNY

Yeah, that look like you wish whoever is on the other end of this phone was here instead of me.

THOMAS

What? No, it's not like that... She's just... We broke up. She was my fiancée.

JENNY

Oh, that sucks. I'm sorry about that.

THOMAS

Nah, it's ok. I'm not killing myself over it or anything.

They sit in silence for a while.

JENNY

So... How did it happen? If you don't mind me asking.

THOMAS

I caught her in our bed getting
fucked in the ass by a guy named
Chad.

JENNY

Oh, yeah... I once caught Eric
doing the same thing.

THOMAS

What?

JENNY

The guy's name wasn't Chad, though.

THOMAS

I... What?

JENNY

I'm telling you, man. Two thousand
and nine. What a year.

A guy approaches them with a Polaroid camera, pointing
it at them.

POLAROID GUY

Smile!

The camera flashes and the man walks away, taking the
picture out of the camera.

THOMAS

But... How come you guys... I mean,
didn't you... Get mad, or anything?

JENNY

What? About the guy he was fucking?
Nah, it was cool. We don't have
that kind of a relationship.

THOMAS

What? A normal one?

JENNY

A normal one? Listen to yourself
man, what's normal about it? Only
being with one person? Dedicating
one hundred percent of your body
and mind to just this one person?
How's that normal?

THOMAS

Oh, come on, open relationships
don't work.

JENNY

Anything works, man.

(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)

I mean, I'm not saying it's wrong to want to be in that classic two person relationship, having a couple of kids, moving to Florida and dying, I'm just saying... It isn't right, either.

THOMAS

What's right? Opening the front door to see your boyfriend fucking someone else?

JENNY

Whatever you want it to be, man. Whatever you want it to be right, is right.

THOMAS

So... You guys just have sex with other people? And it's no big deal?

JENNY

Yeah, sure.

THOMAS

And this honestly doesn't bother either of you?

JENNY

No, man. Why should it?

THOMAS

God, I could never do that.

JENNY

Why?

THOMAS

I don't know. I always had this dream, where me and Chelsea, my fiancée, would get married, and it would be a great wedding. And then we'd move somewhere quiet, had a bunch of kids... The kind of stuff grown-ups do, you know? Predictable. Comfortable. I can't imagine being happy any other way.

JENNY

What's so great about being a grown-up?

THOMAS

So you two don't plan to get married? Ever?

JENNY

What? No, why would we?

(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)

We have this great house, this great party, great people. We're having a good time together, why label it?

THOMAS

Why not?

JENNY

Exactly.

THOMAS

What?

Jenny turns to face him.

JENNY

Listen, man, I'm not saying your girlfriend wasn't a bitch, cause she was. I'm just saying that maybe happiness isn't the same for everyone. Maybe you don't need to do what everyone did before you to be happy. People get so caught up in this idea of happiness and love as an absolute thing, when it's not. There's your happiness, and then there's mine. And then there's your friends, your parents. Why would you frown upon a person doing what makes them happy, no matter what it is?

THOMAS

Yeah... Makes sense, I guess.

JENNY

The thing you need to know is: what makes YOU happy? Because most people just assume that this standard happiness that the world offers, that's what'll make them happy. And that's not always the case. It wasn't with me, anyways. Took me a long time to figure it out, but now I'm here, and it works.

Thomas just looks at her. She goes back to facing the pool and gives the cigarette a drag.

JENNY (CONT'D)

In the end, life is just a bunch of randomly connected moments, and then it ends. What else can we do except have fun?

THOMAS

So life's just about fun?

JENNY

Life's not about anything. We just have fun to forget about that, cause that's a scary thought. The thing you gotta ask yourself is: what's fun for you? What makes you happy?

Jenny throws the cigarette away.

JENNY (CONT'D)

But maybe I'm wrong, you know? Maybe it's a shame, that she did what she did to you. Maybe that worked for you. I don't know, I'm high, man, don't listen to me.

THOMAS

No, you're... Thanks. That was good advice.

JENNY

What do you think love is?

THOMAS

What? Me? I don't know... I always had this idea of love as something idealized, something that makes life... whole, you know? Like, you find the person of your dreams, and that's it. That's life, you succeeded. Life is complete, now move on to be absolutely fucking happy one hundred percent of the time. But after all that stuff with Chelsea, something changed. What she did, I don't know... Kind of... tainted the whole relationship, you know? I wasn't whole afterall. My life wasn't complete, my mission wasn't achieved. I hadn't found perfect love.

(beat)

That kind of made everything else... Meaningless. I failed at finding reason in love, so what else is there left to do? Have sex with a bunch of girls? Do drugs? Watch sports, play board games? Isn't that just... Distracting yourself? Waiting to die?

JENNY

Yeah, but that's my point. Isn't that what happiness is, when you come down to it? Hell, isn't this what love is? just making time go by? distracting yourself?

THOMAS

Is it? I don't know. Shouldn't it be more than that? Shouldn't there be something... Solid? Something to hang on to?

JENNY

It shouldn't be anything, man. It just is. It is what it is. That's life.

ERIC (O.S.)

Honey?

The back door opens and Eric sticks his head outside.

JENNY

Hey, babe.

ERIC

Honey, someone took a shit in the petunia vase again.

JENNY

(to Thomas)

Well, gotta go... Enjoy the party, Thomas. And hey... Don't sweat it, ok? It's just life.

Jenny walks inside, leaving the door open to Arthur, who steps outside seconds after. His clothes are torn, he's dirty and sweaty, looking really fucked up. He sits next to Thomas on the floor. For a moment, neither of them say a word.

ARTHUR

I think I let a dog lick my asshole.

THOMAS

That's disturbing.

ARTHUR

Does that make me a bad person?

THOMAS

Nah, I don't think so... A weird person, maybe.

ARTHUR

I think I liked it.

THOMAS

Yeah, definitely weird.

ARTHUR

But not bad?

THOMAS

No, I don't think so.

ARTHUR

Good... Good.

Arthur sips his beer.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Well... I'm gonna go back inside.

THOMAS

You're going back there?

Arthur gets up, shrugging.

ARTHUR

What can I say?

He walks in, and, as the door is closing, we hear his voice:

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

All right, where's that fucking dog?

Thomas looks at the cell phone one more time.

JENNY (O.S.)

Hey Thomas! Thomas!

Thomas looks around, then up. Leaning against the balcony railing in the second floor is Jenny.

THOMAS

Hey, Jenny.

JENNY

Come up here, I wanna show you something!

THOMAS

Huh... Ok.

Thomas walks inside the house.

INT. - ERIC AND JENNY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room is small and messy. Dirty clothes are hanging everywhere: on top of the TV, in the foot of the bed, on people... Eric is lying down in bed, playing a videogame. Three or four other people are around the room, eating, drinking, and, in general, being high.

Thomas walks in and past everybody, heading for the balcony. One of the high guys holds him by the shoulder.

HIGH GUY

Hey, did you know that Eric has...
Like... A really beautiful penis?

THOMAS

What?

HIGH GUY

Yeah it's like this... amazing penis, man. Here, he'll show it to you. Hey Eric!

THOMAS

No, no, you know what? I'm good.

Thomas walks away and steps outside to the...

EXT. BALCONY -- CONTINUOUS

This is the balcony: Jenny and two shirtless guys. One of them is laughing, standing with his back against the wall, breathing heavily, like he's trying to sum up the courage to do something. Exactly in front of him, a piece of the balcony railing is missing, in a way that the floor just ends, with no protection whatsoever. You see where this is going.

THOMAS

What the...

JENNY

(laughing and shouting)

Thomas, you gotta try this, it's amazing!

The heavy breathing shirtless guy pushes himself from the wall and runs. He jumps from the balcony and lands on the pool below them.

THOMAS

Oh, God. No, thanks, I'm good.

JENNY

No, really... You have to do it!

THOMAS

No, thanks, I'm afraid of heights.

JENNY

Relax, we've been doing this since forever. Almost nobody misses the pool.

THOMAS

No, really, I can't... Wait, almost?

Jenny gently pushes him to the edge of the balcony, on the spot where the railing is missing, and stands right in front of him. They are face to face, and Thomas has his back to the fall.

JENNY

C'mon, just do it.

THOMAS

No, I...

JENNY

Just let go.

Thomas is trying to get away from her.

THOMAS

Really, I don't...

JENNY

Let go, man.

Thomas manages to set himself free from Jenny and steps away from the edge. Arthur walks in, completely naked, holding a bag of dog food and breathing heavily.

ARTHUR

Oh my God. Have you guys seen
Eric's dick? It's fucking gorgeous.
(to Thomas)
You think I'm gay?

THOMAS

Is that a bag of dog food?

ARTHUR

This? Yeah...

THOMAS

Oh, God...

JENNY

Hey, Arthur, you wanna try this?
It's like your flying.

She points at the unprotected spot just as the other shirtless guy jumps. A bark is heard from the inside of the house. Arthur looks back, then looks at them, smiling.

ARTHUR

No I... I got some shit to do. Hey,
Thomas, find a place to crash here
tonight, ok? We'll pick up where we
left of tomorrow.

THOMAS

But... What about God? Shouldn't we
be asking around for him?

ARTHUR

Oh, relax, he'll show up.

THOMAS

I don't... I really think we
should...

The dog barks again. Somewhere inside the house, a man shouts:

RANDOM MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Someone get the whip cream!

ARTHUR
Oh, I'm missing all the fun stuff.
Just find a place to sleep. I gotta
go.

Arthur walks back inside.

THOMAS
(to Jenny)
Is that ok?

JENNY
Yeah, sure. Stay as long as you
like.

Jenny smiles and proceeds to jump to the pool like the charming little hippie princess she is. Thomas smiles and watches as she emerges, laughing.

INT. ERIC'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Thomas opens his eyes. He's lying on the floor. Around him, cigarette butts, naked people sleeping, vomit, beer bottles; the kind of place your mother raised you never to wake up in. Stumbling here and there, he walks towards the kitchen.

INT. - ERIC'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Eric's kitchen looks pretty much like Eric's living room. The whole house is a never ending nightmare of drunk people and litter.

Thomas walks inside and finds a man sitting in a chair by the table, passed out with his face deep in a plate of cold pancakes. It's the POLAROID GUY from the previous night. In front of him, a bunch of Polaroid pictures are scattered all over the table.

Thomas looks at him, laugh and starts randomly going through the pictures. He finds the one with him and Jenny. She looks nice, he looks absolutely hideous and startled by the flash. Back to looking at the pictures. One of them catches his eyes. It's a picture of four guys in a bedroom. Three of them are the generic hippie looking kind of guys who are all over the party. One of them is a tall, white bearded man. GOD. He is smiling, index and middle finger raised in a "peace and love" sign.

THOMAS
Holy shit.

He looks from the picture to the passed out guy.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Hey... Dude... Wake up.

Nothing. Thomas starts poking him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Wake up, man.

Nothing. Thomas keeps trying for a while, with no success. Eventually, he stops, looks at the guy, looks around and makes a decision. He slaps the guy on the neck. Like, a really, really, really loud and hard slap.

Nothing. The man is passed out beyond repair.

Just then, Arthur enters the kitchen, slamming the door and screaming.

ARTHUR

I fucking love cocaine!

That's a man high on cocaine, no question about it. Also, the scream and door slamming wake the Polaroid guy, who raises his head, scared.

POLAROID GUY

What?

Jenny and Eric follow Arthur into the room. They don't look high (at least not on cocaine).

JENNY

Hey Thomas, what's up?

THOMAS

Hey guys, I think I found a picture of God.

Arthur rushes to his side.

ARTHUR

What? No fucking way.

He looks at the picture, claps his hands loudly and screams again.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Fuck yeah! Nice going man!

POLAROID GUY

Hey, could you keep it down, please? I just woke up, and I think I may have shit on my pants sometime during the night.

THOMAS

Listen, do you remember this man?

Thomas shows the picture to the Polaroid Guy.

POLAROID GUY

Yeaah, that's the videogame dude. I remember him.

Polaroid Guy's head immediately falls back on the plate.
Passed out again.

ARTHUR

Awesome!

Arthur just looks and sounds too excited in general.
Thomas pokes the guy until he wakes up again.

THOMAS

Were you with him? Did you talk?

POLAROID GUY

Who?

Thomas points at the picture.

THOMAS

This guy!

POLAROID GUY

Yeah, yeah. The videogame dude. He
stayed overnight.

THOMAS

What did you talk about? Did he
tell you where he was going?

Very slowly, Polaroid Guy starts waking up. He stretches
and yawns.

POLAROID GUY

Oh, man, we talked. This guy knew
stuff. We shared a fat one in one
of the bedrooms and he was all like
"dude, what's the meaning of life?"
and shit like that. He asked me
that a bunch of times, then he got
a little angry...but then he was
cool again, and we smoked some
more, and he asked me how I thought
the universe had been born.

THOMAS

Yeah...?

POLAROID GUY

Yeah, and I told him to cut this
crap out and just, you know, relax.

THOMAS

Yeah, and...?

POLAROID GUY

Then we ate some pizza and played
Mario Kart.

THOMAS

That's it?

POLAROID GUY

Yeah, that's it man. When I woke up, he was gone.

ARTHUR

Gone where? Where was he gone? Where did he go? Where did he went, what place is he now? Where is headed out to?

THOMAS

(to Arthur, annoyed)

Is there any other way you would like to frame that sentence?

After an awkward silence:

ARTHUR

Where's he off to?

Thomas sighs.

POLAROID GUY

I don't know man. He just wasn't there anymore in the morning.

Thomas looks at the floor, disappointed.

THOMAS

What do we do now?

Arthur walks to the kitchen sink, takes a clearly old and stale beer and sips it.

ARTHUR

Damn, that's bad.

ERIC

Hey, you guys are welcome to stay here longer, you know... Maybe your buddy will come back or something.

The kitchen door opens and a HAIRY MAN walks in, shirtless and shameless. He's drinking beer straight from a bottle. He takes a sip, coughs and takes a cigarette butt out of his mouth.

HAIRY MAN

Fucking cigarette butts.

He throws the but on the floor and drinks again.

HAIRY MAN (CONT'D)

Hey Jenny, you know if there's any pizza left?

He opens the refrigerator before waiting for an answer.

JENNY

I don't know. Try looking upstairs.

HAIRY MAN

Yeah, ok.

The man closes the refrigerator and walks towards the door.

THOMAS

(to the Polaroid Guy)

Are you sure he didn't tell you
anything about where he was going?
Maybe when you were playing Mario
Kart.

POLAROID GUY

No, man, I told you.

The Hairy Man stops by the door and turns around.

HAIRY MAN

Hey, you guys talking about that
videogame guy? The bearded dude?
Damn, that motherfucker could play!

THOMAS

You saw him?

HAIRY MAN

Saw? He fucking destroyed me in
Mortal Kombat like 8 times after
this idiot passed out.

He points at the Polaroid Guy as he finishes saying this.

THOMAS

Unbelievable. God plays Mortal
Kombat.

Arthur burps in the background.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Did he tell you where he was going?

HAIRY MAN

Yeah, he left a little after we
played. With Syd. They where going
camping together or something. I
don't know.

A woman shouts from somewhere off screen.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S)

Todd, where's the fucking pizza!?

HAIRY MAN

Gotta go.

(screaming back to
someone off screen)

There's no pizza, you fat fuck!

The man leaves.

ARTHUR
(To Jenny and Eric)
Who the fuck is Syd?

JENNY
Syd is... Complicated.

THOMAS
What do you mean?

JENNY
He's a... monk, I think? I don't know, he's got this weird hair...

ERIC
He's enlightened, bro. He goes out and he camps for like, weeks, and then he comes back, like... More enlightened.

Arthur is back from the sink. He looks a little more in control.

ARTHUR
And where the fuck does this fucker camp?

ERIC
Oh, a bunch of places, man. He's seen the world, Syd.

JENNY
I think they probably went to this little campsite, just outside of town.

THOMAS
What? Where?

JENNY
I don't know, I'm just guessing here. Syd goes there every now and then, to meditate or whatever. He stays there for days, eats bugs and whatnot. I don't know, he might have taken your friend there with him.

ARTHUR
Yeah, that sounds like something God would do. How do we find this place?

JENNY
It's near a waterfall, just outside of town.

ERIC
I'll draw you guys a map.

Eric takes a piece of paper from a brown paper bag and starts drawing something.

Thomas' phone starts vibrating. He puts his hand over his pocket, feeling it. Alarmed, he looks at Jenny.

THOMAS

Hey... I... Where's the bathroom?

JENNY

Up the stairs to your right. The toilet is the large bowl of water on the corner.

THOMAS

Large bowl on the corner.

JENNY

Please don't shit on our petunia vase.

THOMAS

Got it.

Thomas walks away. Quickly, he climbs the stairs in the living room and enters the bathroom.

INT. ERIC'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Thomas closes the door and looks at his phone. It's Chelsea. He takes a deep breath and answers it.

THOMAS

Hello.

CHELSEA (O.S.)

Hey... Tom?

THOMAS

Yeah...hi!

CHELSEA (O.S.)

Hey... How are you? It's been like, forever.

THOMAS

I'm ok... I'm good. Just, you know... living.

CHELSEA (O.S.)

Are you still in Brazil?

THOMAS

Braz...? Oh... No, I came back, a couple of days ago.

CHELSEA (O.S.)

Really? That's great!

THOMAS

Yeah, I'm in a better place now.

They stay in silence for a while. Then they both talk at the same time:

CHELSEA

Tom, I...

THOMAS

Chels, what do you want?

She exhales heavily before answering.

CHELSEA (O.S.)

Chad and I broke up.

THOMAS

Oh... That's... That sucks, Chels...

CHELSEA (O.S.)

(crying)

Can we... Can we meet, sometime this week? I really need to talk.

Thomas bites his lips, but says nothing. There's a loud bang on the door.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Hey, Thomas, let's go!

CHELSEA (O.S.)

Tom? Are you there?

THOMAS

Yeah, yeah, I'm here. Listen, I can't talk right now, ok? We'll... We'll see. I'll text you, ok?

CHELSEA (O.S.)

But can we meet?

Another bang on the door.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

C'mon Thomas!

THOMAS

I don't know. I don't know. Maybe. We'll see. I gotta go. I'll be in touch.

Thomas hangs up the phone and puts it in his pocket. He opens the door, Arthur pushes him aside and enters, in a rush.

ARTHUR

For fucks sake, man, I'm shitting myself.

Arthur closes the door. Thomas is propelled to the hallway, where Eric is standing, smiling. They stare at each other in silence.

Arthur's voice through the door:

ARTHUR (O.S.)
Ooooooh lord! Ooooooooooh fuck me,
fuck me, fuck me! Oh. My. God Oh
God... Oh God... Oh God. Oh man,
that looks like a baby.

Uncomfortable silence. Then:

ERIC
Someone drew an Oscar on my dick
last night.

Thomas nods, saying nothing.

INT. ARTHUR'S CAR - AFTERNOON - MOVING

Arthur is driving, Thomas is in the passenger seat. They're driving through a dirt road, in the middle of a forest. Thomas is looking at the map Eric drew earlier.

ARTHUR
Where the hell is this waterfall?

THOMAS
I don't know, this map is
ridiculous. Look, there's a bunch
of dick drawings. And what looks
like... Yeap, that's a drawing of a
dog licking your asshole.

Arthur leans over.

ARTHUR
What? Let me see that.

INSERT - DRAWING

A poorly drawn dog licking the ass of a poorly drawn Arthur.

THOMAS
I think the road ends here.

Arthur looks ahead and, sure enough, it's the end of the road. He stops the car.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
What do we do now?

ARTHUR
Now... We walk.

Arthur steps out of the car and Thomas follows him.

EXT. DIRT PATH - MOMENTS LATER

Thomas and Arthur walking down a dirt path, surrounded by trees.

THOMAS

Where should we go? There's no...

ARTHUR

Shhh. Be quiet. Can you hear this?

THOMAS

What? Are you gonna fart?

ARTHUR

No! Shut up! Aren't you listening?

The sound of a pan flute comes from somewhere in the woods.

THOMAS

Is that a pan flute?

ARTHUR

This way, c'mon.

Arthur steps inside the woods, walking through the trees. Thomas follows him.

THOMAS

What the hell would God be doing in a place like this?

ARTHUR

Oh, he's all weird and hippie.

THOMAS

Does he play the pan flute?

ARTHUR

How the fuck should I know? Here.

Arthur walks through a bunch of trees and disappears. Thomas follows him, dodging leaves and pulling branches away from his head.

EXT. CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Thomas stops, amazed. They are at a clearing. A big waterfall ends on a clear lake, surrounded by grass, bushes and rocks. Peaceful. The place looks like a Windows 98 wallpaper. Sitting in lotus position on a rock on the edge of the lake is a man, playing a pan flute. He is alone.

ARTHUR

Well... That's not God.

They walk towards the man. This is SYD. Shaved head, a small goatee, wearing a red robe. His eyes are closed as he plays the flute.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Is that Enya?

It is. Syd opens his eyes, noticing the two man for the first time. He stops playing.

SYD

Yes. Thank you.

ARTHUR

That wasn't a compliment.

THOMAS

Shut up, Arthur. Hey, man, listen, are you Syd?

SYD

I used to be.

ARTHUR

Oh Jesus fucking Christ, I hate hippies.

THOMAS

Arthur, just... Ok, did you used to be Syd last night, at Jenny and Eric's house?

SYD

Jenny and Eric? They're a nice couple. I like them.

THOMAS

Yes. You were there last night, right?

Syd thinks about this for a long time, like Thomas is asking him about the meaning of life.

SYD

Yes, yes I was.

THOMAS

Did you leave with a man? White beard, blue eyes, really tall?

Syd thinks about this for a while.

SYD

You mean the videogame guy? Yes, he was here. He was here just now, actually.

Thomas and Arthur look excited.

SYD (CONT'D)
He's not now, though.

ARTHUR
Yeah, we can see that.

THOMAS
Where did he go?

SYD
He went on... another quest.

ARTHUR
What? What the fuck does that mean?
Talk like a normal person.

Syd looks embarrassed and drops the act.

SYD
Ok, he didn't tell me where he
went.

ARTHUR
Shit.

SYD
But he said he'd be back tomorrow,
same time.

Arthur and Thomas look at each other.

THOMAS
Really?

SYD
Yes. Is he a friend of yours?

ARTHUR
More like a father type figure.

SYD
I see. He's a nice man.

A small rabbit runs by them.

SYD (CONT'D)
I like rabbits.

They stand uncomfortably for a while, in silence.
Finally, Arthur claps his hands:

ARTHUR
Ok, then! Tomorrow, this time,
right?

SYD
Yeah. You guys wanna wait here?

ARTHUR

And what? Stare at the lake until we die of boredom?

SYD

Why would you be bored?

ARTHUR

Because this is boring. You are boring.

SYD

I'm sorry about that. I don't worry about this things anymore.

ARTHUR

Yeah, whatever. C'mon Thomas, let's go find a hooker.

SYD

You should know, though... He looked very disturbed, this father of yours.

THOMAS

How so?

SYD

He was sad. He was crying. I tried to explain to him, to tell him that life is not worth crying about. Or laughing about. Life is not about feelings or pleasure or pain. Life is about life. Life is about...

ARTHUR

Yeah, yeah, sure. Why was he crying?

SYD

He was burdened. By existence.

Thomas and Arthur exchanged looks.

ARTHUR

Did he give you all that crap about the meaning of life and stuff like that?

SYD

Yes, I seem to recall this. The poor man can't find any joy in life. Said he can't enjoy anything if he doesn't understand it. I tried to explain.

THOMAS

Explain what?

SYD

That there is nothing to enjoy.
That it is what it is. That's why I
sit here. I'm existing, and there's
nothing more I could want. I
invited him to join me.

THOMAS

So... What? You two are just gonna
stay here, forever? Sitting?

SYD

Yes. He has a lot to learn. I told
him that. I told him that no one
can know everything, except God.

ARTHUR

I bet he loved to hear that.

SYD

I don't know about that.

Syd closes his eyes again. It seems like the
conversation is over. Arthur shrugs and turns his back,
ready to leave. Thomas starts following him, but returns
to Syd.

THOMAS

Hey, can I ask you something?

SYD

(eyes still closed)

Yes.

THOMAS

Don't you ever... Love? I mean...
Didn't you ever fell in love with a
girl? Didn't you ever watch a movie
under the blankets with a nice girl
you really liked? Don't you... Why
do you live like this?

SYD

I've loved. And I've been loved.
It's nice. But it goes away.

THOMAS

Yeah...

SYD

Why would I attach myself to
something that goes away? It seems
dangerous and naive. If I gave you
a rock now, and told you that you
had to love it with all your heart,
and then I'd take it away
forever... Would you take the rock?

Thomas thinks about this, but says nothing. Arthur
returns.

ARTHUR

It'd have to be a rock with great tits.

THOMAS

Shut up.

ARTHUR

C'mon Thomas, let's go.

Thomas looks at Syd one last time. Syd opens his eyes and stares straight into Thomas'.

SYD

Don't ever love something that is not forever. It is suffering.

Arthur is already walking away. Thomas discretely takes his phone from his pocket and looks from Syd to the screen. New message from Chelsea.

ARTHUR

C'mon Thomas, I'm hungry.

THOMAS

Thanks Syd. See you tomorrow.

Thomas runs to catch up with Arthur.

INT. - MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Arthur and Thomas step inside a half clean, medium sized, half decent motel room. In the center of the room, two half comfortable looking beds.

Arthur throws his wallet on a nearby desk and falls heavily on the nearest bed. Thomas sits on the other one.

THOMAS

That was one big burger.

Arthur looks distracted, worried.

ARTHUR

What? Yeah...

THOMAS

I ate too much. If you need to use the bathroom, I suggest you do it now, cause I might be in there for a while later.

ARTHUR

Yeah, sure, sure.

THOMAS

Hey, is everything all right? You've been quiet all evening.

ARTHUR
What? No, It's just...

Arthur sits up and faces Thomas.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
This whole thing with God... I just
hope we find him... Ok.

THOMAS
What do you mean?

ARTHUR
It's just... God, he... Last time
he was like that, he tried to kill
himself.

THOMAS
What?

ARTHUR
Yeah, we found him in a gas station
toilet in Oklahoma, the man was a
mess. Took a bunch of pills.

THOMAS
What? How does... How can God kill
himself?

ARTHUR
Just like everybody else, I guess...

THOMAS
But... I mean, it wouldn't work,
right? It didn't work.

ARTHUR
It didn't work because we found him
in time. But if we hadn't...

Arthur doesn't finish the sentence, letting it float in
the air between them.

THOMAS
What? What would happen? If he goes
through with it?

Arthur looks at Thomas. He looks completely serious for
the first time since they met.

ARTHUR
Then the universe disappears with
him.

A couple of seconds of silence. They stare at each other.

THOMAS
No way.

ARTHUR

Yeap, I'm afraid so. We can handle
shit with him gone, lost here on
Earth, as long as he's alive. But
if he dies... Poof. Everything,
everyone... is gone.

THOMAS

Jesus...

ARTHUR

Yeah, him too. Everyone.

THOMAS

Holy shit.

ARTHUR

Yeap. That Syd guy better be for
real.

Arthur lays down again in bed and closes his eyes.
Thomas leans backwards and rests his head on the pillow
too, though his eyes are wide open. In silence, he
stares at slow spinning fan on the ceiling.

<<<<|||>>>>

EXT. CLEARING - MORNING

Thomas is sitting on the floor playing with his phone,
Arthur, on the rock that Syd was meditating the last
day, tapping his feet on the floor. No sign of Syd, God
or anyone else.

THOMAS

Shouldn't they be here?

ARTHUR

(annoyed)

Yes, Thomas. They should be here.

Thomas looks up at Arthur, but doesn't say anything.
After a while, Arthur gets up and starts walking in
circles.

Syd appears, riding a bike. He stops near them and gets
off. Thomas gets up.

THOMAS

Hey, Syd! Where the hell where you?

SYD

I was with your friend father guy.
Man, he doesn't look good.

THOMAS

Where? Where is he?

SYD

He's gone, man. He left.

THOMAS

What? What do mean he left? Didn't you tell him we wanted to meet him?

SYD

I did, I did. But he wanted to be left alone.

ARTHUR

Fuck! Where did he go, Syd?

SYD

I don't know, man.

ARTHUR

Think Syd, this is important!

SYD

I told you, I don't know. We went biking, and he was really agitated and nervous. Kept saying a bunch of things like "I made this bike", telling me he made me and everything and that nobody made him. And then he stopped the bike and said he couldn't take it anymore, said he couldn't bare to not know any longer. Something like that. Said he had to look at his creation one last time. Then he was just gone.

Angrily, Arthur punches the air.

ARTHUR

Fuck!

SYD

I'm sorry man. But I'd try to find him, if I were you. His mind was just not at peace. That's a dangerous thing.

ARTHUR

Yeah, no shit, Sherlock.

THOMAS

Calm down, Arthur.

ARTHUR

Fuck this. We gotta go, Thomas, c'mon.

Syd stands there as Arthur walks away from the scene.

THOMAS

Thanks Syd!

Thomas turns around and walks away, following Arthur's footsteps.

EXT. DIRT PATH -- MOMENTS LATER

Thomas has his phone in his hands and is walking fast, typing while trying to catch up with Arthur, who's looking straight ahead as he marches through the path.

THOMAS

Hey, I know you're... Not in the mood for talking but... Where are we going, Arthur?

ARTHUR

I don't know, I don't know. I need a beer, then we'll think of something.

They reach Arthur's car on the same spot they had parked the day before.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

What the fuck do you do with this phone all the time, anyway?

Arthur, still angry, tries to look at Thomas's cell phone. Thomas pulls the phone from him a little too quickly and too desperately. Arthur looks at him.

THOMAS

What? C'mon. It's my phone.

ARTHUR

Thomas... What are you doing with the phone?

Thomas doesn't answer.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Give me the phone.

Arthur steps towards Thomas and tries to grab the phone.

THOMAS

No! Get away!

ARTHUR

Give me the phone!

Arthur grabs Thomas and tries to reach for the phone. They're spinning, one grabbing the other, Thomas keeping his phone raised above their heads. They both fall to the floor, and Arthur manages to grab the phone. He gets up, reading the texts as he pulls himself together.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

What...the...fuck?

THOMAS

Give me that!

ARTHUR

Are you fucking insane? You're talking to your ex-girlfriend?

Thomas tries to reach for the phone, but Arthur dodges him.

THOMAS

Give me it!

Arthur steps back, still reading.

ARTHUR

You're made plans!? You were gonna meet her tomorrow!?

Thomas gives up on trying to get the phone. Breathing heavily, hands resting on his knees, he nods.

THOMAS

Yeah...

ARTHUR

You fucking asshole! I told you, you can't do that! Do you have any idea what could happen?

THOMAS

I don't care...

ARTHUR

No one can contact someone they knew, I told you that, it's against the rules!

THOMAS

I don't care...

ARTHUR

I could lose my fucking job, for one thing!

THOMAS

I. Don't. Care.

This last sentence is said in a very angry tone. Arthur is taken aback, and just looks at Thomas.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(very angry)

I don't care, Arthur! And why the fuck should I? You didn't care about a single thing since we got here! You just want to party and get shit faced! We just found out that God might be trying to kill himself and what's the first thing on your mind? Getting a beer! Fuck you!

Arthur just looks at him, saying nothing.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I came here to do this shit, to get the job done and go back so I can have a shot at a decent place to live! I was trying to do something with my life...my death, whatever! But you just wanna fuck and snort everything you see! Now you want to get mad at me for trying to get in touch with the girl I love?

ARTHUR

The girl you... Listen to yourself! She fucked another guy in your bed, you're pathetic! Chasing after a slut! A fucking slut who --

In a reflex, Thomas punches Arthur in the face. Arthur falls to the ground.

THOMAS

Fuck this. I don't expect you to understand. You don't know what it's like. To leave someone here. To miss someone.

Arthur gets up looking calm, almost peaceful. He reaches in his pocket and pulls out the locket Thomas had seen before, with the picture of the little girl. He speaks slowly, with nothing but contempt in his voice.

ARTHUR

You asked me who she was. This is my daughter. She's 39 now, almost older than me. Because some hooker blew a little too much dust into my asshole one night in eighty-nine, she had to spent the better part of those years without a father.

Thomas looks from the locket to the bleeding face of Arthur, lost for words.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I was wearing this when I died. I took it from her house in my first job on Earth, while she was out of town. She kept it in a little white box. Reminded her of me, I guess. It's all I have left of her.

(beat)

I work in Earth Affairs for more than twenty years. Not once have I called her. Not once have I wrote to her.

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Every night since I died, before I
 go to sleep, I tell this metal
 locket that I'm sorry, and I
 imagine she hears it. But she never
 heard it. She never will.

Thomas looks down.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Because we don't get in touch with
 people from our lives. We died,
 they didn't. We don't belong in the
 same place anymore. We cannot
 coexist.

He looks at the locket once again, then back at Thomas.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 But yeah... You're the one with the
 unresolved issues. Go. Go fuck your
 slut of a fiancée. I don't give a
 shit anymore.

Arthur throws the locket in Thomas' face, turns away and
 gets inside the car. With a roar, the car turns around
 and goes away, leaving a trail of dust around Thomas.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Thomas enters the same room he and Arthur were the
 previous night. He looks tired, beaten. Sighing heavily,
 he sits on the bed and reaches for the remote. On the
 TV, a black and white romantic movie. The hero is
 kissing the girl.

Thomas reaches for his phone and dials.

CHELSEA (O.S.)
 Hello?

THOMAS
 Chels?

CHELSEA (O.S.)
 (whispering)
 Hey! Wait one sec...

The sound of a closing door through can be heard through
 the phone.

CHELSEA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Whats up, Tom?

THOMAS
 Hi...where are you?

CHELSEA (O.S.)
 Just... At a friend's house. Are we
 still on for tomorrow night?

THOMAS

Yeah, about that... Listen, could we meet today? I'm not feeling very well. I'm not in L.A., but I can be there in a couple of hours.

(beat)

I think.

CHELSEA (O.S.)

Oh, I... I really can't today, Thomas, I'm sorry.

Thomas hears a knock on a door and a male voice, through the phone. It's CHAD.

CHAD (O.S.)

Hey babe, who are you talking too?

CHELSEA (O.S.)

(to CHAD)

Just a friend!

Thomas looks at his phone, looking even more disappointed and sad than he was a minute ago.

THOMAS

I though you guys broke up....

CHELSEA (O.S.)

It's complicated... Listen, Thomas, I really can't do this right now. But I still wanna talk to you. Can you come tomorrow?

Thomas takes a long time to answer that.

THOMAS

Yeah... Yeah, I'll come tomorrow.

CHELSEA (O.S.)

Great! Pick me up at eight! I gotta go, bye!

She hangs up. Slowly he falls back, laying down in the bed, phone still in his ears.

INT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

Thomas is in line to buy a ticket on a small booth. An old lady in front of him is paying. She takes out her purse and pours a seemingly infinite amount of coins on the balcony, proceeding to count them one by one. After some time, she looks at Thomas, who is standing right behind her. He gives her a creepy, fake smile and just stares at her. She seems a little scared and proceeds to count the coins, faster. After some time, she finishes paying and leaves.

Thomas steps up.

THOMAS
One way to Los Angeles, please.

On the other side of the counter, the BUS TICKET LADY smiles.

BUS TICKET LADY
All right, what time?

THOMAS
When does the next one leaves?

BUS TICKET LADY
Tomorrow morning.

Thomas looks around.

THOMAS
I don't think the world's gonna
last 'till then.

BUS TICKET LADY
Uh... What, sir?

Thomas sighs.

THOMAS
Nothing. All right, tomorrow, then.

He pays her, gets the ticket and steps outside.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Thomas walks out of the Convenience Store and leans over the brick wall. Slowly, he slides all the way to the floor and lands there, sitting on the floor. He takes his phone from his pocket, but before he can even turn the screen on, he spots Eric crossing the street.

THOMAS
Hey, Eric!

Eric spots him, too. He sees Thomas and gives him a big smile, walking towards him.

ERIC
Heeey, nice to meet you man! How'd
you know my name?

Thomas stands up and shakes his hand.

THOMAS
It's me, Thomas.

Eric squints and shakes his head.

ERIC
The guy from the party.

Eric is still shaking his head.

THOMAS
We met in at Ricky's Burger, two
days ago.

Still nothing. Thomas sighs.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
One of the gay dudes.

Eric smiles.

ERIC
Ooooooh, Thomas! Hey man, how are
you? Where's your boyfriend?

THOMAS
What? Oh, Arthur! We sorta... Broke
up yesterday.

ERIC
Ooh man, that's too bad. Too bad.

THOMAS
Yeah, well... So, anyway, what are
you doing here?

ERIC
Oh, we ran out of a couple of
things for the party, and Jenny's
sleeping, so...

THOMAS
Oh, ok.

ERIC
Yeah... I'm off to buy some booze
and stuff. What are you doing here,
all alone?

THOMAS
Oh, I'm... I'm actually gonna leave
town, I'm gonna meet someone. But
they don't have any more buses
today. So, you know, just killing
time.

ERIC
That's great.

He stares at Thomas for a while with his
semi-closed-sleepy-stoned eyes before continuing:

ERIC (CONT'D)
Hey, you wanna come with me? We'll
buy the stuff and then you can kill
time at the house.

THOMAS
Nah, I'm ok, thanks.

ERIC

You sure? You don't look too happy, man.

THOMAS

Nah, I don't know...

ERIC

C'mon, let's go. Don't wait on the streets. Besides, it will get your mind off the breakup.

THOMAS

What? Oh, the... Yeah... Yeah, sure, why not?

They both start walking.

ERIC

Hey, did you fuck him? Or was it the other way around?

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ERIC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Thomas and Eric, carrying a couple of six packs, step outside Eric's car and walk to the front porch. Eric starts looking for the right key.

ERIC

So she's taking him to the vet tomorrow. We've never seen him like this, he used to bark and run all the time... Now he just stares at the wall.

Eric opens the door and walks in. Thomas follows him.

INT. - ERIC'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Same deal as before. Music, beer bottles, chips and cigarette butts on the floor. Except less people. Less conscious people, that is. Almost everyone is passed out somewhere. Some people are awake, but barely moving, watching TV, eating stuff from the floor.

ERIC

It's a lot quieter right now. I guess we overdid it last night. C'mon, let's go wake up Jenny.

Thomas notices a dog standing on a corner, staring at nothing with wide, scared eyes.

INT. ERIC AND JENNY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Eric and Thomas step inside the room. It's empty except for Jenny, who's sleeping on the bed. Eric lays down in the bed next to her and starts kissing her on the cheek.

ERIC
Hey babe, wake up.

THOMAS
Hey, I'm just gonna go...

Thomas points at the balcony and walks to it.

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Stepping outside, Thomas leans over the railing and looks at the night sky. Below him, he looks at Eric and Jenny's backyard. There are people passed out there, too. He takes his phone and looks at the picture of him and Chelsea once again.

Very softly, Jenny steps out to the balcony. She's wearing pajamas and looks sleepy. Quietly, she stands right behind Thomas, leaning her head over his shoulder to look at the cell phone.

JENNY
Hey, Thomas.

Thomas is startled for a moment, but relaxes when he sees it's Jenny.

THOMAS
Oh, hi Jenny. You scared me.

JENNY
I'm sorry. Is that your girl?

THOMAS
Yeah... I'm supposed to meet her in a couple of hours, in L.A.

JENNY
Are you going to?

Thomas turns around to face her, leaning against the rail.

THOMAS
I don't know...

JENNY
Eric told me you had a fight with your friend, what's his name?

THOMAS
Arthur... Yeah... Yeah.

JENNY
I'm sorry to hear about that. What happened?

THOMAS
Oh it's a... It's a long story.

Jenny leans against the rail. Now they are side by side.

JENNY

I got time.

THOMAS

Well... He thinks I shouldn't call Chelsea. My fiancée.

JENNY

Hm... What do you think?

THOMAS

I don't know... It's just... I just want things to be the way they were, you know? I didn't want anything to change. I wanna go back to having all that, it was...

JENNY

Safe.

THOMAS

Yeah...

Jenny lights a cigarette.

JENNY

You gotta be safe, right?

Thomas just looks at her, not saying anything.

JENNY (CONT'D)

You know what I think you need?

THOMAS

What?

JENNY

You need to let go.

THOMAS

How so?

JENNY

Give me your phone.

THOMAS

What? Why?

JENNY

Just... Relax, I'm not gonna steal it or anything.

Thomas looks suspicious, but gives her the cell phone.

JENNY (CONT'D)

All right. Now come.

She puts the phone in her pocket. With her hand in his back, she guides him to the spot without railing on the balcony.

THOMAS

What? No, this again? No, no.

JENNY

Just relax, stand here.

She places him gently with his back to the fall. Now they are face to face.

THOMAS

I don't wanna do this, I told you.
I'm scared of heights.

JENNY

Just let go.

THOMAS

No, c'mon, I told you. Drop it.

JENNY

Let go.

THOMAS

I don't...

Thomas looks back and down, staring at the pool and the fall separating him from it.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

No, really, I can't do it.

JENNY

Why not? The world could end
tomorrow, right?

Thomas looks at her, intrigued by what she said. His face shows he just had a revelation: the world actually could end tomorrow.

THOMAS

Right...

JENNY

Then let go.

She's smiling. Something seems to be changing inside Thomas. Still keeping his eyes on her, he yells to Eric, inside the room.

THOMAS

Hey, Eric! Did you know I'm not gay?

ERIC

Really? That's cool, man.

THOMAS

I'm gonna try to kiss your girl,
ok, Eric?

ERIC

(nonchalantly)

Sure.

Thomas smiles. Jenny laughs a little. He leans forward and kisses her on the lips. Just a peck, not a full, open mouth kiss. Then, slowly, Thomas lets his body fall back. He falls straight down into the pool.

EXT. POOL BEHIND THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Thomas emerges from the pool, laughing. A couple of stoners by the pool wake up and look at him. He looks around, then looks up to the sky. Smiling, he closes his eyes, taking it all in.

EXT. BY THE POOL - NIGHT

Thomas, Jenny and Eric are lying down on the floor, looking at the stars, passing a joint. They look stoned, happy and carefree.

THOMAS

Do you ever think about the
universe?

ERIC

Yeaaaaah.

JENNY

What do you mean?

THOMAS

Like... Our place in the universe.
Your place in the universe.

ERIC

Yeaaaaaaah.

THOMAS

I mean... The meaning of
everything. Of life. We're all here
and we think, and we experience all
sorts of stuff, and we think about
experiencing this stuff, and now
I'm thinking about thinking about
experiencing stuff. It's crazy.

ERIC

Yeaaaaah.

THOMAS

And sometimes, when you're experiencing all this, and thinking about thinking about experiencing... Life, I mean.... Don't you wonder? What's the point? Why are we here? What are we doing, thinking about thinking? About experiencing... A universe.

ERIC

Yeaaaaaaah.

They stay in silence for a while. Then Jenny;

JENNY

Thomas, what the fuck are you talking about?

Thomas takes a long time to answer this.

THOMAS

I have absolutely no idea.

They laugh (Jenny and Thomas). Then, gradually, stop and continue looking at the sky.

ERIC

Yeaaaaaaah.

Again, they lie there in silence for a while, just being high.

THOMAS

I don't want it to end.

JENNY

What?

THOMAS

I don't want it to end.

JENNY

Want what to end?

THOMAS

This. Everything. The universe. I don't want it to end.

JENNY

Why would it end?

Thomas thinks about this for a while.

THOMAS

I don't know, it just...

JENNY

Nothing is gonna end, Thomas. Relax.

ERIC
Yeaaaah, man, relax. Look at the
stars.

Thomas turns his eyes to Eric.

THOMAS
The stars...

JENNY
What about them?

THOMAS
I know where he is!

JENNY
What? Who?

THOMAS
God!

JENNY
What? Your friend?

Thomas is getting up now, in a hurry.

THOMAS
No. I mean, yes!

His phone starts ringing. He takes it out of his pocket.
Fucking Chelsea again.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I don't have time for this now.

He doesn't accept the call.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I gotta go.

Jenny gets up.

JENNY
Is everything all right?

THOMAS
Yeah, I just... I gotta go save the
world.

He turns around to leave but stops. Turning back, he
walks fast towards Jenny and hugs her.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Thank you. Thank you both, for
everything. I gotta go.

He almost runs to the door leading to the inside of the
house and opens it.

ERIC
Hey, man, do you want to, like,
make love with us, sometime?

Thomas turns around.

THOMAS
What?

ERIC
Yeah man, like the three of us. We
like you. It'd be great.

THOMAS
Jesus... Thanks Eric but, no.

ERIC
Are you sure? It would be magical.
(beat)
I have a beautiful penis.

Thomas is in a hurry to leave, looking from the door to Eric.

THOMAS
I'm... I'm sure you do, Eric, but I
gotta go, really.

Eric opens his pants and shows his dick to Thomas (but we don't see it, because c'mon).

ERIC
See?

For a second, Thomas forgets all about all the hurry and just looks amazed.

THOMAS
Holy shit, that's gorgeous!

He keeps looking at the penis, amazed. After a moment, he shakes his head.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Still, I gotta go, but, damn,
Jenny's a lucky girl.

He looks from the penis to Jenny and relaxes for a second.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You both are.

Jenny smiles. Thomas leaves, closing the door behind him.

<<<|||>>>

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Thomas in running through the streets, breathling heavily. He rushes through a convenience store, a residential street, another residential street, turns a right, makes a left, keeps running, gets to Mrs Potter's house. This is it.

He bangs on the old lady's door. Loudly. She doesn't answer. He bangs again. Slowly, she opens the door.

MRS POTTER

Oh hello dear.

THOMAS

Hello, Mrs. Potters. Listen, do you remember when you asked us about the stars?

MRS POTTER

What?

THOMAS

You asked us if we wanted to see the stars. Remember that, Mrs. Potter?

MRS POTTER

Ooooh, yes, in the observatory.

THOMAS

Exactly! Where is it? The observatory.

MRS POTTER

Very beautiful sunset there. Beautiful stars.

THOMAS

The tower, Mrs. Potter. Where is the observatory tower?

MRS POTTER

It's right over there. I can take you...

She points somewhere to his right, where the street hits an intersection.

THOMAS

No, it's all right, 'mam. Thank you very much.

Thomas turns away and starts running immediately. Mrs. Potter sticks her head further out the door.

MRS POTTER

At least stay for a cup of coffee!

THOMAS (O.S.)
Your coffee sucks, Mrs. Potter!

EXT. STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Running, Thomas makes a left on a desert street and stops. He sees the observatory. It's a big ass old tower. The fall is definitely big enough to kill God, should he decide to jump. Thomas takes one look up, then one look at the door. He enters.

INT. OBSERVATORY TOWER - CONTINUOUS

This is an old tower. Spider webs, dark corners, a spiral staircase, the sound of water dripping from somewhere. Thomas is climbing as fast as he can, but he is tired. In the middle of the climb, he stops for air. Arthur shows up from upstairs.

ARTHUR
Thomas?

THOMAS
Is he here? Is God here?

ARTHUR
Yes, he is here.

THOMAS
How bad is it?

ARTHUR
Pretty bad. He told me to get lost or he'd jump. I don't know what to do.

Thomas looks at Arthur. He's dead serious.

THOMAS
I'll go there.

He starts walking, climbing the stairs past Arthur.

ARTHUR
Hey, Thomas.

THOMAS
What?

ARTHUR
Good luck.

THOMAS
Yeah...

EXT. OBSERVATORY TOWER ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

A small door opens and Thomas comes out of it. A square roof, with nothing but the little door he just walked

out of and a dangerously unprotected ledge. Still, the sky is full of stars and it's a beautiful view.

On the other side of the roof, by the ledge, is a tall man, his back to Thomas, looking at the stars. Tall, big white hair. This is God. He looks back just as Thomas closes the door behind him.

GOD

Stand back! Don't come any closer!

He's nervous. Clearly disturbed, shaking a little. You'd think God would have a little more confidence, but no. This is a God who does not have his shit together.

THOMAS

You wanted to look at your creation one last time.

Thomas is walking very slowly towards God as he speaks. He's cautious, but looks confident.

GOD

I know who you are. Thomas Adams.
Copywriter in a small agency.
Father left when you where three.
Mother dead. Died in a car accident in Brazil.

THOMAS

Yeah... That's me.

GOD

Don't! Don't come any closer! I'm going to jump.

Thomas stops.

THOMAS

Ok, do it.

God turns around, his whole body this time. He looks a little puzzled.

GOD

What?

THOMAS

Do it, man. Jump. What do I care?

GOD

I'm serious. I'll do it.

THOMAS

I know. Do it.

GOD

Everything will be gone. I'm tired.
I don't want it anymore. It sucks.

THOMAS

I agree.

GOD

What?

THOMAS

I agree. The universe. It sucks.
Terrible, terrible job, man.

GOD

I... You have no idea what it's
like. To not know. To never know
why you exist, to live in doubt.

THOMAS

I do. But whatever, I'm not here to
convince you of anything.

GOD

I thought maybe you would
understand. The people. I made you
because of that. To share this with
me, to understand the pain, like I
do. But you don't. You have me, you
get to die. What do I have?

THOMAS

You ain't got shit, man. You're
fucked.

GOD

Wh-What?

THOMAS

You're absolutely right. You got
nothing, man. You'll just live your
life, never knowing the reason why.
Never knowing what you're supposed
to do with it.

God looks at Thomas, taken aback. He wasn't expecting
this.

GOD

Yeah... Yeah, exactly. I have no
purpose.

THOMAS

None at all.

They just stare at one another for a while.

GOD

Ok... Ok, then.

God turns around to face the fall beneath him again,
ready to jump. Thomas steps a little closer.

THOMAS

Can I just say one thing, though?

GOD

What?

God speaks without turning his head. He's crying.

THOMAS

Why do you care?

GOD

What? What do you mean?

THOMAS

Why do you care? About having a purpose.

God turns around, slowly, his whole body. He is facing Thomas now.

GOD

Because I do. I want to know...
What's my purpose.

THOMAS

What if there is no purpose?

GOD

Then I don't wanna do this anymore.

THOMAS

Why not? Why the hell not?

GOD

Don't say hell.

THOMAS

I'm sorry. Why the fuck not?

GOD

I... I don't know. Because it's meaningless.

THOMAS

Yeah, it is. Listen...

He walks a little closer to God.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Come on, let's talk.

GOD

No! Stay where you are!

Thomas stops again.

THOMAS

Ok, ok. Just listen to me. I know how you feel.

GOD

No, you don't. No one does.

THOMAS

Yeah, I do. Before I died, I had no idea what the purpose of my life was. Neither does anybody on Earth. Yet we still live.

GOD

So... So what? You don't fully grasp it, you don't fully understand...

THOMAS

Yes. Yes we do. C'mon, you can't seriously think you're the first one to have an existential crisis.

GOD

I...

Thomas tries a couple more steps. He's getting really close to God now.

THOMAS

Listen, I had a fiancée, when I was alive.

GOD

Yeah, I know. Chelsea, the slut.

Thomas looks a little disconcerted.

THOMAS

What? You know she's a slut?

GOD

Course I know she's a slut.

THOMAS

Well... Yeah. Anyway, she was my fiancée. And I caught her in bed fucking a...

GOD

Chad. I know him too.

THOMAS

Course you do.

GOD

Don't worry, his dick is small.

THOMAS

Really?

GOD

Yes.

THOMAS

Well, that makes me feel a little better.

They laugh a little. God is still looking lost, still sad, depressed and at risk of jumping. But for this brief moment, things seem all right.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Anyway... It's not about meaning. Life.

They look at each other. God is listening. For the first time, he seems open to dialogue.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

It's about not knowing. Not knowing what is ahead of you. That's scary. Not having everything laid out for you. That's scary too. It's driving without a map. It's terrifying. But we do it. We do it anyway.

GOD

Why?

THOMAS

Because that's where the fun part is, too! Would you pay to see a movie you know the end? Would you read a book after you read the last page?

They stare at each other. God is trying to process what he's hearing. Thomas is looking straight into his eyes.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You can spend your whole life trying to figure it all out, building a life, trying to understand everything, and it might all come down to nothing. The truth is, it's about looking for meaning, not finding it.

The door behind them opens and Arthur steps outside.

ARTHUR

Hey, how you all doing?

THOMAS

Hey Arthur.

God waves, timidly. Thomas turns to God again.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Life doesn't have to make sense to be worth living. It just has to be new, everyday.

Everyone is standing still now. God, right on the edge, facing Thomas. Thomas facing God. Arthur, by the door, looking at them from a distance. God turns his head and looks at the fall one more time.

Arthur's phone starts ringing. Van Halen's Jump starts playing.

ARTHUR
Oh... Shit.... Wait, I...

THOMAS
Arthur...

Arthur is trying, unsuccessfully, to turn the phone off.

ARTHUR
It's this damn new ringtone. Wait,
I got it.

THOMAS
Arthur...

ARTHUR
I...Man...

He turns away quickly.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
I'll be inside.

Arthur opens the door and leaves. Just God and Thomas now.

THOMAS
Don't do it. It's worth existing.
If only to try to find out why.

God breathes heavily. He's making his decision. One more push (so to say) and he'll step away from the ledge.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Even if only because you don't know
what's gonna happen tomorrow.

GOD
What if the answer never comes?
What if there's never any meaning
to it all?

THOMAS
Then at the very least we can
complain about it together. For
eternity.

A few more steps. Now Thomas is face to face with God. He offers him his hand.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Let it go. C'mon.

God takes his hand, shaking.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Good... C'mon.

The door slams open again, with a loud noise. Arthur is back.

ARTHUR

Hey, it's the guys from heaven,
they want to know...

Startled by the noise, God loses balance and falls back, his hand slipping from Thomas' hand. Thomas looks down.

THOMAS

Holy shit!

Arthur runs and stops right next to Thomas, looking down too.

GOD (O.S.)

I'm ok. I'm ok.

God fell on a lower level of the observatory, three or four floors beneath them.

THOMAS

How the fuck are you OK?

GOD (O.S.)

I fell on some bushes! I'm stuck!
Come on down here and help me!

The scene is ridiculous. God is lying on a thick bush in a balcony beneath them. He moves around, trying to get out, but is, in fact, stuck. Thomas steps away from the ledge. So does Arthur.

THOMAS

Well... That was that. Listen,
about yesterday...

ARTHUR

Nah, it's ok. Really. I deserved it.

THOMAS

No, you didn't. I'm really sorry.

They look at each other. Arthur nods his head.

ARTHUR

Ok...

Thomas reaches in his pocket and pulls a locket. The one with the picture of Arthur's daughter.

THOMAS

Thought you might want it back.

Arthur takes the locket from Thomas.

ARTHUR

Thanks, man.

They smile at one another.

GOD (O.S.)

Seriously guys, I think there's a
raccoon here, somewhere.

Thomas' cell phone starts ringing. He takes it out of
his pocket. Chelsea.

THOMAS

I got one more thing to do.

He looks at the phone for quite some time. Then takes a
few steps back, runs forward and throws the phone away,
watching as it falls way down to the city below them.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Don't need that anymore.

Arthur pats Thomas on the back.

ARTHUR

C'mon man, I gotta get some sleep
before we go back to heaven.

THOMAS

Yeah... Let's go.

They start walking to the door.

INT. ARTHUR'S CAR - AFTERNOON - MOVING

Arthur is driving, Thomas is in the passenger seat and
God in the back seat. He is bruised, a few scratches
from the bushes, but nothing serious. Clumsily, he gets
up a little and pulls something from his back.

GOD

Ouch! Another spike.

ARTHUR

Take it easy, there.

GOD

Can we stop to get something to
eat? I'm starving.

ARTHUR

No. You made us think the universe
was going to disappear. You can be
hungry for a couple of hours.

GOD

Gezz... I'm sorry, I told...

ARTHUR

Nah! I don't wanna hear it.

God sits in silence for a while.

GOD

I'm not going to do it again.
Promise.

ARTHUR

You bet you are not. We're getting
you an appointment with Dr. Breuer
back in heaven.

GOD

Oh, again?

ARTHUR

Yes, again.

God mumbles something. While this happens, Thomas is
just looking out the window, not saying anything, a
vague smile on his face. It's hard to read him, but he
looks at peace.

GOD

Hey Thomas.

THOMAS

What? Yes?

GOD

Thank you. For the things you said
up there. I... I really needed that.

THOMAS

Oh...Don't mention it. All for the
Lord.

GOD

Yeah...

Arthur stops the car in front of a pretty white house.

THOMAS

Are we going for a few beers,
afterall?

ARTHUR

No I'm... I'm cool with the beers
for a while. There's just something
I have to do.

Arthur takes the locket from his front pocket and sticks
it in a little white box. Then looks out the window at
an old house.

THOMAS

Are you sure about this?

ARTHUR

Yeah... Yeah, man. I'm guessing she still feels bad about losing it.

Thomas nods. Arthur gets out of the car and walks towards the house. We stay with Thomas and God, sitting awkwardly in silence. In front of them, another car pulls over and parks. A man walks out of it, suitcase in hands, tired look in his face. In the back of the car, a bumper sticker reads "God gave me this car". Thomas looks at God. They both look at the bumper sticker.

GOD

Nah, that's just not true.

Arthur returns to the car.

THOMAS

You ok, man?

ARTHUR

Yeah... Yeah.

In the distance, we see a woman open up the front door to the old house. She looks around, sees no one, but then notices the small white box on the ground. She picks it up, opens it and takes out the locket, looking at it, her hand over her mouth, emotional.

Back at the car, Arthur also looks emotional. God puts his hand on his shoulders.

GOD

Hey... If it's any consolation...
She's really happy.

ARTHUR

Yeah? You mean that?

GOD

Would I ever lie?

Arthur let's out a faint smile, then sighs.

ARTHUR

Well... That's that.

GOD

(sighing)
That's that.

ARTHUR

C'mon, let's go.

Arthur starts the car.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Hey, Thomas... I was just
wondering... You and that girl, the
hippie chick...

THOMAS
What about her?

ARTHUR
Did anything happened between you
two?

Thomas smiles, but doesn't say anything.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Oh, c'mon, tell me.

THOMAS
Nah...

The camera stays behind as the car takes off.

ARTHUR (O.S.)
C'mon, did you fuck her? Tell me.
You fucked her, didn't you? You
fucked that dirty hippie's pussy,
right? Was she shaved? I bet she
wasn't. Nah, you didn't fuck her.
Did you? You did, didn't you?
Nah... You didn't fuck her. I saw
that guy's dick, no way she'd have
fucked you. By the way, well done
on that penis, God, great job. Why
couldn't you make mine like that?

GOD
Shut up, Arthur.

FADE OUT.

THE END